JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 19, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

Vol. L.
No. 1318.

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Housework

cut out grease

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When grease runs over in the oven—spills on to the floor—splashes the table—or sticks to the sink . . . let Glitto get after it. Glitto kills grease—cuts hours of hard labour out of housework.

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Glitto

kills grease

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A FREE RUG to every purchaser of a "BRUSELETTE" CARPET. See HODGSON'S advt. on page 31.

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AMBITIOUS READERS should write for the Free Book, "The Human Machine," offered by the BENNETT COLLEGE in their advt. on page 12.

BUY an "IMPERIAL" PIPE AND WIN A CASH PRIZE. An interesting Limerick Competition is announced in the Civic Company's advt. on page 32. Buy your "IMPERIAL" PIPE now and enter for this contest. Read the conditions carefully and mention *John Bull* when you send your entry.

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MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 12

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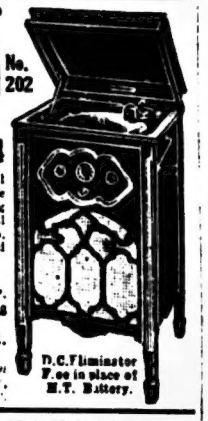

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THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Sept 19, 1931. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

L. G. Coming Back—to Fight!

Taxpayers' New-Year Squeeze

Gold Standard Riddle

KEEP an eye on Mr. Lloyd George. We pointed out, when the new Cabinet was formed, that the real reason for Mr. Lloyd George's exclusion had nothing to do with his health, but was because the heads of the Government did not want him.

Something up his sleeve?

Mr. Lloyd George knows that—and as soon as he can he will show he does not want them.

He may quite easily side himself with the opposition and attack vigorously the Cabinet's plans for cutting the "dole" and forcing down the standard of living of teachers and others. He is still of the same mind as he was when he made his famous speech about the Money Barons early in the year—that the banks are largely responsible for having brought about the crisis, and that the Chancellor, instead of allowing them to dictate to him, should make himself their master.

Sixes and sevens

We are rapidly moving to a position where the three Party leaders will be acting independently of and in opposition to their Parties.

Mr. MacDonald is already definitely in that position, and Mr. Baldwin is getting nearer to it every day.

The end of Mr. Lloyd George's leadership of the Liberal Party may be at hand. The Liberal M.P.s who asked for the National Government are ready now to throw him over and elect Sir Herbert Samuel as their official leader.

A dangerous leak

It has already been suggested in the City that the increase in income-tax and the practically inevitable bad effect upon industrial companies of reduced purchasing power caused by the Budget will lead to a large-scale selling of British investments and reinvestment in foreign concerns.

There are, indeed, already indications that this development is taking place.

* * *

If it reaches any large proportions, the Budget will have restored foreign confidence and prevented the withdrawal of foreign funds from London only at the expense of creating a domestic flight from the pound.

Having decided upon a drastic Budget, Mr. Snowden may, therefore, have to follow it up with a still more drastic policy, that of placing a ban on all investment of British funds abroad.

Big call at short notice

The greatest problem which the taxpayer has to face in regard to the new income-tax proposals is how to raise the extra money in time.

In many cases he will have to pay roughly double the amount on January 1 next which he had contemplated.

He has only three months in which to save or raise this money, and, though the tax is up, he will still have to meet three-quarters of the year's assessment in January.

Can he find the necessary funds in a period of twelve weeks, and, if not, what leniency does the Chancellor propose to show to the taxpayer in extending the period for collection?

Motor trade hard hit

The British motor-car industry appears to have a special grievance at the National Government's Budget.

Only a few days before Mr. Snowden introduced it, the leading car manufacturers had launched their 1932 programmes, while the annual motor show will be held at Olympia next month.

There can be no doubt that the increased income-tax and the twopence extra on petrol will compel a great many potential car-buyers to change their minds.

It is evident therefore that the Budget must strike a heavy blow at one of our few really thriving industries.

"Low" finance

While Great Britain is solving a Budget deficit of £170,000,000 by stringent economy and heavy new taxation, the United States of America is solving a £180,000,000 deficit by the raising of an internal loan with interest at 3 per cent.

It is to be noted, however, that the over-subscription of this loan was not very great, possibly indicating that the American method savours a little of "low" finance.

All ready for conversion

All arrangements have been completed for the conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan, which Mr. Snowden referred to in his Budget speech.

The big banks and insurance companies have been consulted and have agreed to convert their very large holdings.

The Bank of England has also made investigation into the amount of foreign holdings of War Loan, and has found the position there to be much more favourable than was at first thought.

Moreover, the bank has got everything in readiness for sending out the terms of conversion to existing British holders, even down to having all the envelopes printed.

Under the scheme holdings of War Loan will be automatically converted into a new lower-interest-bearing stock unless there is a definite written objection.

It is anticipated that this will lead to a conversion of practically all the War Loan in existence without much difficulty.

The saving to the nation will be £20,000,000 a year.

Victimised teachers

In our leading article to-day, dealing with the contemplated formation of a national detective force, we refer with regret to the new cuts in police pay. But there is one section of the community even worse treated in the new Budget.

We cannot find any justification for the severe 15 per cent. reduction in teachers' salaries.

It will mean that a great body of men and women will be reduced—without any regard to contractual obligations—to salaries only just above subsistence level.

And the minority of more highly paid teachers will have to suffer the ordinary Budget burdens in addition to their salary reduction.

* * *

This is not only grossly unfair: it is also a very dangerous economy on national grounds. Men and women of the highest type are needed in our schools. This injustice will deprive the profession of its best recruits.

Our helping hand

The article on war pensions in our issue of August 22 caused considerable concern in official quarters.

Following the trail we blazed

Following its publication, Sir George Chrystal, the Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions, caused exhaustive enquiries to be instituted into many of our observations and suggestions.

Those enquiries doubtlessly led towards the retention of a Minister of Pensions in the National Government.

In spite of the present crisis, ex-soldiers must be given a square deal, and we have no intention of relaxing our efforts to ensure that they get it.

Sterling's future

There is a sharp difference of opinion in the City just now as to the desirability of this country remaining on the gold standard.

On the one hand, leading bankers, headed by Mr. Montagu Norman, who is to some extent inspired in this matter by the theories of Dr. Sprague, the American economic adviser to the Bank of England, urge that we must at all costs remain on the gold standard.

* * *

Dr. Sprague's solution of our problems, with which they agree, is a drastic reduction of manufacturing costs by, among other things, wage-cuts.

The French example

Others, among them a number of eminent economists, many industrialists, and one or two bankers, consider that a slight inflation which would make the pound worth 18s. instead of 20s. would assist our export trade, and at the same time relieve all industry of some of the enormous burden of deadweight debt due to fixed-interest charges in the form of debenture.

They point out that France inflated to a much greater extent and is now prosperous.

Using the credit

Overshadowing their discussion is the knowledge that out of the £80,000,000 credit we have obtained from France and America to support the pound much has already been used.

For this reason the question of maintaining sterling at its present value, at whatever hardship to the country generally or inflating slightly, is certain to become one of the most urgent questions of financial policy during the next few weeks or so.

The last gasbag

Among all the Government's economy proposals there is no item to which we can give such unqualified approval as the decision to dispose of the *R*100. It is a decision which was long overdue.

John Bull has consistently maintained that the airship—for military purposes at all events—is a costly and dangerous futility.

Provided suitable provision is made for the men who were employed in this service, we view the passing of the last gasbag without a shadow of regret.

Million-pound grasses

A world search is to be undertaken to discover new strains of grasses, so as to increase the efficiency of our pasture-lands.

At present the total annual value of our grass land products is £375,000,000, compared with £100,000,000 for wheat land. A large proportion of this enormous figure is derived from dairy produce.

Yet our milk consumption is a mere fraction of what it is in other countries. It could easily be trebled.

* * *

Scientists believe that by improved strains of grass we shall be able to increase the carrying capacity of our pastures by from 50 per cent. to 100 per cent., so that we can support up to twice as many sheep and cattle on the same area of land.

"If You See It—" —(continued).

K.O. for Mars

The National Council for the Prevention of War is to meet every two months instead of once a quarter, and at the next meeting plans are to be discussed for the "big push" against war at the Disarmament Conference.

They aim at giving war a knock-out blow as an institution. It is not cheaper killing that is wanted, but no more killing.

This ideal world economy is the ambition of the council.

Mean

We congratulate Sir Marlay Samson, the Swansea stipendiary, for sending Thomas Regan to prison for six weeks' hard labour.

Regan committed a particularly mean and despicable offence. Mr. Robert Gibson, of Gateshead, advertised for news of his son who has been missing since 1921.

An answer written by Regan, who posed as the son, caused a great deal of distress to Mr. and Mrs. Gibson. Regan wrote from an accommodation address and tried to obtain £2.

It is a pity he could not have received a longer sentence.

Safety first

The Pedestrians' Association is doing a sensible thing in inviting local authorities to co-operate in a National Safety Survey of the roads.

Lord Hugh Cecil, the Pedestrians' president

Since the war, 1,400,000 men, women and children have been killed or injured in road accidents in Great Britain, and each year the slaughter increases. Last year 7,000 were killed and 177,000 injured.

A great many of these accidents take place at specially dangerous points.

The National Safety Survey is to find out where these are and remedy them by providing better lighting, point-duty men, or straightening and widening the roads.

Fighting the scourge

County councils are making marked progress in the war against tuberculosis.

Work at sanatoria is showing remarkable results, and brilliant research by devoted medical officers of health is helping on the fine struggle.

Tehidy, the former home of the Bassett family, near Camborne, Cornwall, is one of the most successful.

There have been some marvellous cures here, a splendid piece of news, since tuberculosis has long been a scourge among the people of Cornwall.

Pony slaves

We have received several complaints of the manner in which ponies on Tenby sands are treated.

Visitors to this Welsh resort have noticed that these ponies are forced to carry heavy adults, and are cruelly beaten in order to make them attain speed with their excessive burdens.

The Tenby Town Council is endeavouring to obtain control of the beach in order to stop the practice.

In the meantime the police and the R.S.P.C.A. could well get busy.

Good work hindered

Constant outbreaks of swine fever and erysipelas are adding to the difficulties of pig-breeders.

Not only is there no compensation for animals which have to be slaughtered, but sudden gluts of pigs killed in an epidemic dislocate the markets.

Only about £30,000 a year is provided for research into animal diseases. Half of this goes to combat foot-and-mouth disease, and scarcely anything remains for investigating pig complaints.

And so a valuable industry is allowed to decline. During the first seven months of this year 26 per cent. more foreign bacon was imported than in the corresponding period last year.

It is all false economy. The Veterinary College should be put in a position to carry on continuous research work and stamp out these pig diseases.

Outlets for wheat

There are prospects that wheat may find a better market in the next few months, and the increase in price which will follow may have a beneficial effect on the industrial situation.

The Federal Farm Board of the United States is getting rid of some of its huge surplus to China, and some is also being sold to Germany on long-term credit.

Owing to bad weather, France will have a poor wheat harvest this year, Canada's wheat production is heavily down owing to the drought in the North-West Provinces.

An upward move in wheat prices may cause a general stir in the world's stagnant markets.

Hospital red tape

Some London hospitals have peculiarly high-handed methods in dealing with poor patients.

A country girl who travelled up to town to be examined at a famous London institution was kept waiting there for several hours and then asked to produce a recommendation from a doctor.

Failing to do that she was told to "come again next Saturday."

A "free" hospital should not put its patients to the expense of a double journey and a medical certificate.

Slum rents scandal

Owing partly to the economy campaign, a general scaling-down of rents is taking place which may have far-reaching consequences.

The luxury flats, with rents of £1,000 a year and upwards, have already turned out a fiasco.

Now middle-class flats are beginning to follow the same course, and in all directions rents are coming down with a run.

It is only a question of time before all types of housing are affected, even slum houses.

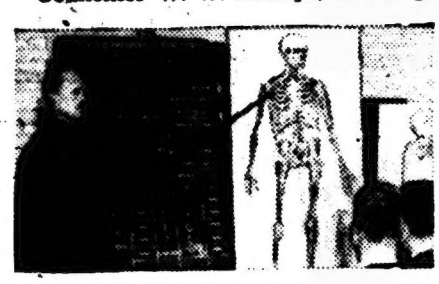
At present, anything up to 25s. a week is charged for so-called furnished rooms in houses which have long ago been condemned as unfit to live in.

As soon as something better is available at the same rents, slum landlords will either have to lower their rents considerably or get nothing at all.

Worth while

The value of first-aid teaching for the police has been strikingly demonstrated in South Wales.

Councillor W. W. Phillips, of Bridgend, met with an accident at home and severed an artery in his leg. He would have bled to death had not Police-Constable H. Morgan held the artery until a doctor arrived.



Guardians and saviours, too

At Cardiff, the other day, a similar act was performed by Sergeant Humphries.

These are additional reasons for citizens to be proud of their guardians in blue.

Taxed and caught

Joseph George Follett, one of the best-known butchers in Kingston, Surrey, has gone to prison for a year on twenty-four counts of income-tax frauds.

The loss to the Inland Revenue was estimated at £15,242 and this sum was paid, too late to save Follett, however.

We draw attention to this case because as long ago as 1926 and again in 1928 we published articles referring to tubercular meat discovered in Follett's slaughterhouse at Kingston.

Money-saving

The November municipal elections will be fought on the economy issue. Many councils, in panic-stricken emulation of the Government, have already cancelled work schemes and cut down staffs and wages.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, as Minister of Health, will have to see that official sanction is withheld from any ill-considered economy schemes.

If unemployment is further increased, the local authorities—now responsible for public assistance—will simply have to find more from the rates for out-relief.

Parliamentary electioneers are anxiously awaiting the results of these elections. They naturally want to see if the wind blows for or against economy.

ADAMSON— —Plays for Safety

Both named "Little"

Our attention has been called to a leaflet, which is being broadcast in Glasgow and elsewhere, issued by a man named John James Little, of Grove Street, Glasgow.

The leaflet quotes a paragraph from the issue of JOHN BULL of June 20 last, in which we stated that as a direct result of our representations to the Ministry of Pensions, Mr. John Little, a Glasgow ex-soldier, had been awarded a pension of £2 a week, together with 17s. 6d. a week for his wife and child.

John James Little, of Grove Street, says in his leaflet that our statement is false.

It is nothing of the kind. The Mr. John Little for whom we obtained a pension is not the author of the leaflet, but quite another man, who resides at 20, Phœnix Park Terrace, Glasgow.

Brought to book

Captain Walter Chadwick, whose bogus company exploits in connection with Technical and General Trust, Ltd., were exposed in our issue of February 14 this year, was last week sentenced at the Old Bailey to eighteen months' hard labour.

JOHN BULL was frequently mentioned in the course of the trial, and it was in connection with the very charges we made against him that this rogue has gone to a well-earned period of imprisonment.

Truth about True

We are growing tired of the frequent publicity being bestowed on Ronald True, much of it doubtless inspired by people who are hopeful of obtaining his release.

Now comes a book dealing with Broadmoor Asylum. In this book True is represented as a pitiful figure, with sunken cheeks, suffering continual pain from old shrapnel wounds.

Many people will conclude from this that True was wounded in the war, but nothing could be further from the truth. Although he was in the Royal Flying Corps for a few months, he was discharged as unfit and never served overseas.

The truth about True is that he is in excellent health, and deserves no pity.

Anxious for home

You cannot always blame the stowaways on British vessels homeward bound from Canadian and Australian ports.

As many as eight have been found on one ship, and there is obviously a good reason for their presence. Many of them who left England full of hope, found nothing but long hours, hard work and poor wages.

Michael Jobe, a seventeen-year-old Newcastle boy, worked for a Canadian farmer until nearly midnight for ten dollars a month. With poor food as well, no wonder he wanted to come home.

He was fined £2 by the Newcastle magistrates for being a stowaway.

Greater supervision of emigration schemes would give these lads a fair chance to succeed.

Another warning

In our issue of May 23 this year we had occasion to criticise adversely Commercial Consultants, of 27, Nicholson Road, Addiscombe, Croydon.

Operated by R. H. Clark and H. J. Wade, the system was to ask for half a crown, for which sum they offered to send the payee's name and particulars to "prospective employers."

Commercial Consultants are still collecting half-crowns, although the name of H. J. Wade is crossed out on the circular letter.

We can only repeat our advice. Do not part with half a crown until you are quite satisfied that Commercial Consultants have greater opportunities of finding jobs than you have yourself.

Britain's SUPREME CHANCE

by PROFESSOR L. F. RUSHBROOK WILLIAMS, C.B.E.,
formerly Foreign Minister of the Maharajah of Patia'a, and a recognised authority on Indian affairs

"A contented India our biggest asset"

THE Round Table Conference, which will shortly meet again in London, is the business of the entire people of Britain, for its consequences may affect us all profoundly. It represents an attempt to solve by peaceful means the kind of problem which we ourselves in less enlightened days and other colonial Powers, even in this twentieth century, would have instinctively tried to solve by force.

Like all great questions, the problem of India can be stated very simply. It is this. We British, with our strong common-sense and our inborn love of free institutions, have invented a new kind of empire, different from any other of the past.

The essence of our Commonwealth of Nations is that each component part of it manages its own affairs, but is linked up to every other part, and to the Mother Country, by a common allegiance to the Crown, and by a determination to deal co-operatively with problems which are of common concern.

The system puzzles all foreigners, because they see no reason why it should work. But it does work.

Bloodstained land

NOW, the heart and core of the Indian problem is whether the great sub-continent of India, with its 330 millions of people, one-fifth of the entire population of the globe, can be fitted into this Commonwealth system, and can take its place side by side with the other great Dominions of the Crown.

The natural instinct of an Englishman, when confronted with a question of this kind, is to say, "If India wants to become a Dominion, why not let her?" But it is precisely at this point that we begin to run into the difficulties which the Round Table Conference has been called to solve.

For India is not a country but a continent; her population is larger than that of Europe, and contains a far greater variety of races, speaking distinct languages, and possessing distinct cultures, than does Europe itself. Added to which, India has had a long and distressful history, marked by much bloodshed and disturbance.

We British are the sixteenth people who have exercised Imperial power in India; and the whole country seems to be littered by fragments of our fifteen predecessors.

Many of the peoples constituting these fragments still remember the day when they used to rule their neighbours, and wish that those days could come again.

And, as though to complete the confusion, there are deep religious feuds between the Hindus, who constitute the majority of the population, and powerful minorities, like the Muslims and the Sikhs, whose military strength and political importance are often out of all proportion to their actual numbers.

Gandhi represents — ?

THAT is one side of the picture. Now let us for a moment look at the other.

Despite the cultural, racial, religious and linguistic differences which divide the various peoples of India, India has a common civilisation. And this civilisation gives the Indian an outlook on life entirely different from that of any Western nation, including ourselves.

Of this civilisation, Mr. Gandhi is the exponent. He wants Indians to live their own lives—even if these lives are old-fashioned. He wants to restore village industries — hence his cult of the spinning-wheel and his boycott of British cloth.

Now, Britain has got a good record in India, of which we have every right to be proud. We have given the country peace; we have protected it from invasion; we have given it roads, railways, bridges and means of communication; we have given it the most wonderful system of irrigation in the world, so that the population has largely increased under our rule.

But we have done far more than that. We have introduced Indians to the best thought of the West, and by doing so have taught the various peoples who live in that great land that, despite the differences which divide them, they are more like each other than any of them are like us.

As a result, although there is no Indian nation, there is an Indian nationalism. Indian nationalism has grown in a remarkably short space of time to the dimensions of a proud, forceful, and, indeed, dynamic influence, which demands for the people of India the right to live their own lives.

Make it work

RIGHTLY looked at, Indian nationalism is Britain's supreme gift to India. But the great difficulty confronting us all is that Indian nationalism is neither uniform nor complete.

If the different peoples and interests in India could combine together, and say to Great Britain, "We want such and such a kind of government, with such and such institutions; and our relations with you will be such and such," the most formidable part of the difficulty would be gone.

But it is just because there is no unanimous demand, at least when it comes to a consideration of practical working details, that we have had to invent the machinery of the Round Table Conference, in the hope that when representatives of the different Indian peoples and interests sit down together with us, they may be able to suggest some kind of a workable system for the government of India.

For the Hindus are afraid of the Muhammadans, and the Muhammadans of the Hindus; the Depressed Classes are afraid of the Brahmins; and the Brahmins of the Depressed Classes; industrial labour fears exploitation by the capitalists; agricultural labour fears oppression from the landlords; both landlords and industrialists are afraid of mass movements on the part of the people.

Everybody seems to want protection against everybody else; and, until they are sure of a protection which satisfies them will not agree to any one new system. Yet at the same time some new system they are determined to have.

Thus Indian nationalism is rather like a number of people trying to get through a gate. So long as the gate obstructs them, they are unanimous in their determination to open it. But when once it has been opened, they will all want to do different things.

One may want to catch a train; another may want to build a house; the third may want to plough his fields; a fourth may be hurrying to pull off the confidence trick; and a fifth may be looking for a favourable opportunity to rob the other four by violence. Yet, for the moment, their main desire is to get through the gate.

Now, it is perfectly plain that we in Britain are to some extent responsible for what happens when the gate, which is the present system of government in India, is opened.

Up to now, we have done our best, pretty successfully, to protect the weak against the strong, and to prevent the various peoples and interests in India from fighting each other. But we can no longer afford to stand as an obstacle in the path of that spirit of nationalism which we have ourselves created.

In order to make India contented, it is very necessary for us to satisfy the reasonable forces of Indian nationalism.

But although we must do this, it is equally our duty to see that the minorities are fairly treated; that adequate provision is made for the defence of India; that India does not lapse into financial, political or social chaos.

Above all, perhaps, we have the responsibility towards the world in general of making every effort to find a place for the great Eastern continent of India within the free fellowship of the Commonwealth of Nations. For, although a Western people, we are at the same time the greatest Eastern Power; and our action now may ensure peace or sow the seeds of war between the East and the West.

Means world peace

OUR supreme duty at the present moment towards civilisation and towards the world, despite our preoccupation with our own affairs, is to lay the foundation of future world peace and of an era of happier relations between Britain and India, by assisting to the utmost of our ability the peoples of India, in the persons of their representatives, to face and to overcome the many obstacles which stand in the way of Indian nationalism.

We should approach this Round Table Conference, which we hope will complete the structure of the great All-India Federation so wonderfully begun last year, in the spirit, not of saving as much of British rule as possible from the inroads of the Indian national spirit, but from the standpoint of meeting the aspirations of our Indian fellow-subjects freely and frankly, and doing our best to help them to solve problems in the solution of which we are almost as much interested as they are.

Again, let us never forget that this is only sound common-sense. For, leaving aside our own idealism and our own national love of free institutions, a contented India will prove the biggest asset which we can possibly imagine.

Muzzling the Microphone

Sir JOHN REITH,
Director-General, B.B.C.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—In these days of crisis, the British Broadcasting Corporation seems in imminent danger of becoming a branch of the Government's propaganda department.

In quick succession, a few nights only between them, we have had the Premier explaining why he formed the Emergency Cabinet, Professor Henry Clay putting forward a justification of the Cabinet's economic policy, and Mr. Snowden giving a lengthy propaganda explanation of his axes and taxes. Not one word from Mr. Henderson or any other spokesman of the Opposition, the largest single Party in Parliament.

If this muzzling of opponents has been dictated by Downing Street, it is a crime against democracy.

If the B.B.C. itself is responsible for such a one-sided programme, it is not only doing itself harm in the eyes of millions of listeners, but gravely abusing its position as a supposedly non-political public corporation.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SNOWDEN,—Whatever may be the nation's final judgment on your last and most momentous Budget, none can deny that you rose to a great occasion with indomitable spirit.

Physically you looked a very sick man when you faced the crowded House and announced, to old friends and new colleagues, the full weight of the fresh burdens we must bear.

It would have been a thankless task for any Chancellor, but it must have been doubly difficult for you in your unprecedented position.

You did not falter. You delivered your message with all your old fire and force, and the storm of cheering which followed was a spontaneous tribute to your rare courage and unquestioned patriotism.

"Come the world against her," you cried in your splendid peroration, "England yet shall stand." In that desire and affirmation all your countrymen unite with you.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. F. PAGE,
Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Inst.

DEAR SIR,—May I make an unexpected and somewhat drastic suggestion? It is that you should propose a rule by which members of your calling shall not sit upon rural, urban or county councils while engaged in professional practice.

What the councillor hears in private debate can be very profitable to the estate-agent who happens to be the same man. Local bodies in this country have many estate-agents in their ranks.

Not all of them are doing public work for honour, love or fame. Many of them have an eye to the main chance. The public is beginning to realise that fact.

JOHN BULL.

BRYN JONES,
Ammanford, South Wales

DEAR BRYN,—Although at the moment you are a collier almost unknown outside Wales, next Monday you have the chance to become one of the most discussed boxers in the world.

On that day you are to fight Al Brown, the wizard bantam-weight champion.

For the first time in the history of the game, a "spare-time" boxer is to meet a world's title-holder.

With all due respect to that good sportsman, Al Brown, I hope you will succeed in doing well enough to make the glove game a lucrative occupation.

It's up to you, Bryn, and I wish you luck.

JOHN BULL.

The BENCH OF MAGISTRATES,
Matlock, Derbyshire

GENTLEMEN,—On previous occasions I have had reason to criticise the manner in which Derbyshire justices deal with cases of overcrowding in public vehicles.

You have just contributed another example. A Matlock motor-cyclist whose machine lacked an efficient silencer was fined ten shillings.

You then proceeded to deal with a 'bus driver who packed fifty-four people into a vehicle licensed to carry thirty-six. *His fine was also ten shillings.*

You cannot blame drivers for risking the penalty when human lives are valued at only a trifle more than twopence each.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. RICHARD MASON,
Rogers Street, Manchester

DEAR MASON,—Despite the fact that you are seventy-three, you performed a gallant act the other day, an act that would have terrified many a younger man.

The stables containing your horse, Dick, caught fire. Several younger men tried to reach the horse, which is your only valuable possession, but they were driven back.

You got through and led Dick out by his mane. Then you dashed back to the top floor and saved your dog.

When it was over, you said that Dick saved you by leading you out.

I hope some kind person fits Dick out with a new set of harness in place of that which was destroyed.

JOHN BULL.

Miss AMY JOHNSON,
Bridlington

DEAR AMY,—In the middle of national affairs that dwarf all other events you have come safely home from Tokio in sixteen days.

Thus you have added to your Australian flight another great effort.

I am sorry you failed to beat your outward time of nine days, but you know better than most people that you cannot fight weather.

The main thing is that we have got you safely back, and your latest addition to the credit of British aviation and British womanhood is none the less important because it has not had the acclamation given to your past achievement.

JOHN BULL.

Major F. A. C. CLAUGHTON,
Secretary, Royal Humane Society

DEAR MAJOR CLAUGHTON,—May I suggest that your society should recognise the gallantry of the late Dr. Joseph Meban, of Maestag, Glam., by a posthumous award?

The doctor unquestionably sacrificed his life for duty. When three miners were buried by a fall of roof in an outcrop working at Caerau Mountain, he went to their aid, although ill.

Dr. Meban remained in the cold mountain air all night.

He never recovered from the effects of his ordeal. Of his kind it can truly be said, "Greater love hath no man than this . . ."

JOHN BULL.

SAM VINSON,
Newton, Kansas, U.S.A.

MY DEAR AMAZING SAM!—Forgive my intimacy, but your recent achievement interests me. Our own Sir J. M. Barrie has told of a determined man who tried to hang himself and who instantly went in search of a stronger rope when the first one broke.

You have eclipsed this. Not until you had fired four bullets into your head did you resolve not to forsake the world. The bullets flattened on your skull, surgeons removed them with ease and your condition is not at all serious!

You now live as the wonder of the age—the man with the bullet-proof skull. I hope, Sam, that you will find consolation in this distinction, and face the future with new heart.

JOHN BULL.

Not from the B.B.C.—Commodore Gar Wood gives his version of

SPORTSMAN into FOX

IF you're anxious for to shine
In the motor-boating line
As a guy who knows the game,
Then, of course, you mustn't stick
At the meanest sort of trick
Or be capable of shame.

If a victory you feel
Isn't possible, you steel
Your heart and straight begin
To formulate a plan
To upend the other man,
So if you *can't*, he *won't* win!

If he's sent to kingdom come
In the process, don't be glum;
Just wink the other eye!
His loss will be your gain,
And your fame you may retain
As a real smart Yankee guy!

But if you think this represents Gar Wood's philosophy as a sportsman, let me tell you right here that you're dead wrong.

Maybe it's a pretty fair summary of the sentiments that interviewers say I expressed after the motor-boat race at Lile Detroit. But nobody should be held responsible for his jaw-waggings at a moment like that.

I guess it got my goat when Kaye Don refused to postpone the race. Anyway, I was out to get off the mark first, even if it did mean a premature start, for I was dead nuts on *one* of my boats winning the second race after I'd lost the first.

Maybe, in the first flush of victory—my brother's victory in the only boat that hadn't been disqualified—maybe in that moment of triumph for the stars and stripes, I did spill a mouthful about having deliberately lured Kaye into a false start.

But if I said I was out to show him a trick or two I didn't mean it. Or, if I meant it then, I don't now, no *sir*!

How was I to know that instead of being handed three cheers for having kept the Harmsworth Trophy in U.S.A., I'd be let in for a verbal lynching by the Amurkan Press?

It tells me that I didn't play the game, that I was guilty of "the cheapest bit of knavery that ever figured in international sport," and that my trick will "stench in the nostrils of real sportsmen."

In fact, judging by the way the noosepapers are abusing me and handing leather medals to Don for keeping his mouth shut, anyone would think he was the Yank and I the goldarned foreigner.

Do you wonder that there were tears in my eyes when I was trying to reverse the sentiments that got into that first interview? But somehow I can't live down my nickname of "Grey Fox," and they all insist "It was a real Gar Wood trick."

It's hard—darned hard—when a guy's own countrymen attack him in this way. But I guess youse English folk won't misjudge me.

They say that I did that and this,
That I said this and that!
Maybe I was a trifle riled;
Maybe my acts and words were wild;
But this I tell you flat—
While tears come welling to each eye—
I never meant to drown the guy.

Kaye Don upon my sportsmanship,
At least, has cast no slur;
It is my countrymen who cry
Me down and call me "smart" and "sly"—
It's this that hurts—yes, *sir*!
The Yanks (who know me) are the first
(Some say with cause) to think the worst!

STRAIGHT *from the Shoul*

LADY RHONDDA: "The best per... for the job, regardless of sex, is t... only sound basis of employment."

Spoken like a real business woma... but you might have added: "regardl... also of social position and wire-pull... friends."

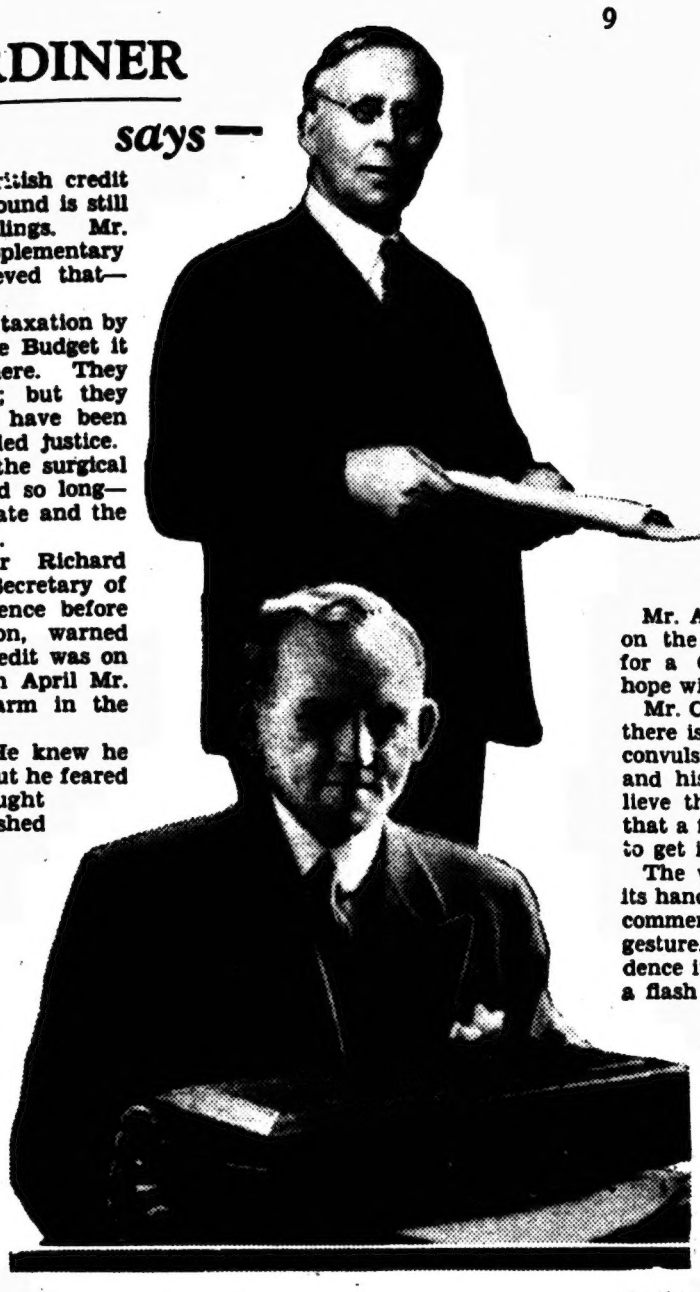
* * *

"KIM" LEWIS: "I have only join... politics after very careful thought, a... in future I intend to devote my t... to the service of the New Party."

Not your pugilistic gifts, surely...

A. G. GARDINER *says*—

SAVED! —*for the Moment*



"The pound is not secure because Mr. Snowden has balanced the Budget," says A. G. G.

FOR the moment British credit is safe and the pound is still worth twenty shillings. Mr. Snowden's Supplementary Budget has achieved that—for the moment.

Into economies and new taxation by which he has balanced the Budget it is not necessary to enter here. They are severe, even ruthless; but they were inevitable and they have been distributed with even-handed justice.

The misfortune is that the surgical operation has been delayed so long—until the disease is desperate and the patient is in extreme peril.

Nine months ago Sir Richard Hopkins, the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury, in his evidence before the Insurance Commission, warned the nation that British credit was on the brink of disaster. In April Mr. Snowden sounded the alarm in the House of Commons.

But he did not act. He knew he ought to apply the knife, but he feared his own Party, and he brought in a Budget that whitewashed the terrific fact.

But you cannot whitewash a volcano. Valuable months were lost, and when in July the flight from the pound began it was touch-and-go whether the crash could be avoided or even delayed.

It has been delayed. It has not been avoided. The position to-day is still one of deadly peril.

The formation of the National Government and the desperate measures taken to balance the Budget have given us a respite. They have secured us from America and France, who alone have credit to give, credits that enable us to meet our obligations.

But confidence is not restored. It cannot be restored by a panic gesture; it can only be restored by a sustained policy. The run on the pound has been checked, but it has not been stopped.

The world's verdict

The world looks on distrustful and suspicious. Its faith in our credit has been shaken to its foundations, and at any sign of internal weakness the fear of our creditors will return, there will be a stampede to convert the pound into dollars or francs before it is too late, and British credit will have gone irretrievably into the abyss.

It will be a world calamity, for the stability of the pound is the chief pillar of world finance and world industry. But the brunt of the calamity will fall on us.

With the densest population in the world, dependent for our food and raw material on foreign countries, the collapse of the pound would be an unimaginable catastrophe.

The price of everything we buy would soar as the pound falls from depth to depth. Industry would crash, for the cost of production would put us out of the world market.

Wages would be cut to ribbons, for the pound would have lost its meaning; savings of every sort, personal and effective, would melt as the pound melts—not a security would stand, for every security, insurance, Consols, savings certificates, everything rests on the integrity of the pound.

The nation would be beggared, and we should alike be involved in the beggary.

That is the menace we have to face. Do not let us deceive ourselves with the fatuous talk of a "bankers' conspiracy."

International bankers may be wicked men. They are not congenital idiots. And only congenital idiots would conspire for the destruction of British credit which is the security on which their own credit rests.

But I will not labour the point. I will simply leave Mr. Hayday and the rest of the people who have exploited this nonsense to digest Mr. Arthur Henderson's words on the subject in the House of Commons last week:

> "I am not putting any complaint down about the bankers. I would not dream of doing so. I think the banker is just like anyone else. If he has got to find the money for me he ought to be in the position to lay down his conditions."

With that clear, let us return to the question how we are to safeguard the pound.

I have said that it cannot be done by a panic gesture. It can only be done by a sustained policy which will convince the world that its money is safe with us.

Dark—and dangerous

How is that to be done? If we could conceive that we were at war with a visible enemy who was bent on our destruction, we should have no doubt about what to do. It would be "all hands to the pump." We should drop our differences until we had saved the ship.

We are engaged in a war which is not visible, but is the more dangerous for that reason. It is the more dangerous because, not being visible in armed battalions, we doubt its reality and pursue our Party vendettas and ambitions.

Mr. Amery and Lord Hailsham, hot on the scent of Protection, clamour for a General Election, which they hope will give them what they want.

Mr. Churchill, always happiest when there is trouble afoot, is anxious for a convulsion of any sort. Mr. Maxton and his Russian friends honestly believe that we need a revolution, and that a financial catastrophe is the way to get it.

The world, which holds our fate in its hands, sees this, and makes its own comment. It welcomes Mr. Snowden's gesture. But before it gives its confidence it wants assurance that it is not a flash in the pan.

It wants assurance that the policy of making the country solvent will be pursued. It wants evidence that the country is solid behind the Government. Till it has that evidence, it will remain suspicious and the pound will remain in peril.

This brings us to the crucial question of an election. On all sides there are clamours for a November election. They are the clamours of Party strategists intent on Party victories and personal advantages, either ignorant of or indifferent to the national peril.

From the national point of view—and at this time there should be no other—a November election would be a disaster. It would exhibit us to the world as torn with internal dissension on the very subject that has brought the crisis.

The election would be fought on the Snowden Budget, and in view of the Labour attitude, it would be assumed that a Labour victory would mean the doom of the pound.

The foreign investor would not take the risk. He would "get out" while there was time. There would be a panic flight from the pound, and whatever the result of the election, the catastrophe that we have so narrowly escaped would be upon us again with all the incalculable consequences.

You and I—

I know the danger of delay. It is a balance of dangers. But the dangers on one side are Party dangers. Those on the other threaten the existence of the nation.

The present Government has been formed to deal with an emergency. The emergency is the insecurity of the pound. The pound is not secure because Mr. Snowden has balanced the Budget. It can only be secure while there is a Government in power committed to carrying the Snowden scheme into effect.

That is what the National Government was formed to do. It should remain in power until the work is done and the world is assured that British credit is re-established. But it can only remain in power if the nation is overwhelmingly behind it.

Our destinies are in our own hands. I cannot believe that this great people will fail to rise "to the height of this great argument."

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

DEVIL'S *Eloquence*

THE hard times through which we are living are a test of character in more ways than one. They not only reveal the quality of our citizenship, but react sharply on our home life.

If we are unwilling to make personal sacrifices for the sake of the national welfare, it does not follow that we shall be willing to do so when it is a case of balancing the domestic budget.

I am moved to write this because of what I hear of family jars here and there when the necessity for drawing the purse-strings tighter becomes imperative.

The husband and father cannot easily be made to understand that the weekly sum he allows his worried wife will not suffice to provide the luxuries he used to expect.

Then the eldest boy wants his motor-bike as usual and his week-end outing; the big girls want their tennis and to entertain their friends; the growing youngsters clamour for the pictures and abundance of good things to eat.

What happens? Their resources won't stretch to cover these demands. No one wants to give up anything.

* * *

Sharp words begin to fly around; nerves become strained; reproaches are hurled from one member of the little group to another; the mother's voice takes on a shriller note and her face a weary look; the father stays out as much as he can and comes home in ill humour.

Here is an affectionate little company ready to fly in pieces, and all because of lack of means to gratify individual desires.

Lack of means, did I say? Not quite that, either. It is not exactly lack of means that these people are suffering from; they could struggle along on a still smaller income if they were possessed of a better spirit.

People will say and do cruel things in a moment of irritation that they do not really mean and that are at variance with their true nature.

They will vent on a loved one the annoyance they feel about something quite outside the latter's range of responsibility.

Through sheer perversity they will say what they know to be groundless, regardless of the pain it causes. Sometimes they will say a thing they don't really want to say, and that they repent of as soon as it is said; but somehow they can't keep it back.

* * *

It is as though some demon inside them were inspiring the words that will stab and scorch most mercilessly; and I am not sure that it is not a real demon. When we open our hearts to bad passions we are doing a dangerous thing. The devil gets inside and takes control.

How else are we to account for the amazing facility with which the wounding word comes up that would never occur to us if we were not in a rage? Beware what you do when you give way to ill temper. Don't you feel as if someone else were talking through your lips?

Whether it be your worst self or an invading evil, get rid of it quickly, or you may live to mourn through all the rest of your life the harm it has done to-day.

As the old Book has it: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath; neither give place to the devil." "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips that they speak no guile."

The LATEST Motor Fraud

ACTOR-CROOK'S TWO-CAR TRICK

GARAGE proprietors in all parts of the country are being victimised by a trickster of exceptional polish, who calls himself Grahame St. John Cooper, and who has evolved an ingenious car coup which has never yet misfired.

Victims in places as far apart as Edinburgh and Worthing, Bristol and Ipswich are clamouring for news of him, but all efforts to lay him by the heels have so far failed.

In person, Grahame St. John Cooper is as imposing as his name. Well over 6 ft. in height, he dresses with taste and care, and his manner is at once charming and convincing.

Predatory tours

The latest complaint comes from Wellington, Salop, where this plausible crook visited a small garage, and, giving another name, pretended to be interested in a second-hand car that was being offered for sale.

He spent some time examining the car, and then suggested that he would like a trial run.

One of the garage workmen obligingly drove him round the district, whereupon he smilingly pronounced himself satisfied, and declared that he would take the car away there and then.

* * *

When the question of insurance was raised, the purchaser said he would arrange for that through a personal friend—a clever accountant and insurance expert and a partner in the well-known firm of brokers, Wood and Co., of Reading.

He recommended this firm very strongly, and left a card with the garage proprietor, suggesting that they might be "very good people to know."

Then he casually wrote out a cheque and drove away, intimating that he was going straight to Reading.

Only the cheque came back

Actually he drove to another town and visited a garage and motor showroom of some importance.

There he made exhaustive enquiries regarding an expensive new car, and, finally selecting one to suit his taste, offered the one he had just obtained in Wellington in part payment.

He repeated his story about arranging all insurance matters through his friend in the "well-known" Reading firm, and, promising to send on all necessary documents for the old car, wrote out a cheque for the balance of the purchase-money and drove luxuriously away.

Both cheques passed in this double transaction came back "R.D.," and, while each garage proprietor was bewailing his lot, the resourceful crook calmly disposed of the new car for cash, altering the registration number and faking insurance and registration documents to deceive the purchaser.

Chief Constable Burrows, of Reading, leads the search to bring this impudent crook to justice

Enquiry shows that the suave Grahame St. John Cooper has repeated this carefully designed coup again and again.

But the only real clue that he has left behind lies in his frequent references to the firm of Wood and Co., of 66, Castle Street, Reading.

A radio-maniac?

No such firm is to be found at this address, which is one used by Grahame St. John Cooper himself a few months ago when he was raising money in quite another way.

While pretending to conduct a genuine business there, he obtained goods from numerous tradespeople by fraud.

At that time he was content to hire a car, but he used it to good effect by driving round to various wireless firms and purchasing expensive sets.

In each case he told the dealers that he wanted the wireless set for his flat, but the number obtained would have enabled him to have several sets in every room.

Actually, he disposed of them for cash, but all the dealers have to show to-day are more of his waste-paper cheques.

One-way driving

Even a clerk he installed in his Reading office is among his victims. This clerk was obtained through a cleverly-worded announcement of the employment-with-investment class, and was induced by the plausible Grahame St. John Cooper to deposit £20 in respect of a job for which he is still owed several weeks' salary.

Another of this rogue's tricks is to drive up to a smart garage in a second-hand car he has just obtained by fraud, say it is running badly, and leave it to be overhauled.

He requests the loan of another car to enable him to fulfil an urgent business engagement, and thus securing a better vehicle, drives away, never to return.

His experience with different types of dupe have made him an unrivalled judge of character, and whenever he finds himself dealing with anyone exceptionally shrewd and hard-headed, he is careful to modify his story and to keep well within the bounds of plausibility.

On the other hand, he exploits the more gullible to the full, often inducing them to cash cheques for him in addition to defrauding them in the ordinary way.

Many of the cheques he has passed latterly have been traced as the property of a man whose acquaintance Grahame St. John Cooper made in Reading, and whose cheque-book subsequently disappeared in an unaccountable manner.

While exploiting garage proprietors in such names as "W. G. Grahame-Ashley," "Captain St. John Anthony," "Captain Winter-Lovelace" and "Grahame Lowbridge," this remarkable rogue has occasionally posed as an actor-manager seeking a cast for some forthcoming production.

Tyre-marks of debt

In this guise he has got into touch with numerous theatrical artists, and, by painting rosy pictures of certain success in his next venture, has induced them to part with various sums in return for promises of lucrative engagements.

During his travels up and down the country, Grahame St. John Cooper patronises the best hotels, but he rarely troubles to settle his bills and leaves a long trail of debt behind him.

It will be extremely gratifying if this detailed exposure of his methods leads to this rascal's early arrest.

DUSKY *Eye-Quack's* BLUNDERINGS

AT Fenton Street, Leeds, is to be found the consulting-room of a certain Mr. M. Bogh, who describes himself as an Indian eye-specialist.

A brass plate outside the premises announces that he "treats all diseases of the eye," but from information before us we should not recommend anyone to engage his services.

Although M. Bogh sometimes places the mystic letters "G.M., Den.," after his name, he is absolutely without any qualification, degree or diploma that is registered or recognised in this country.

In plain words, he is a quack; but this does not prevent him from advertising in the Press. "What is more precious than eyesight?" he asks, and he repeats in his advertisements his assurance that he can treat "all eye diseases."

A case is before us in which a woman who submitted to treatment at this man's hands was led to believe that the condition of her eyes was very serious.

* * *

In her alarm she turned to an orthodox medical man, who was able to assure her that the quack's diagnosis had been cruelly incorrect.

Learning that she had already paid a fee to the Indian "specialist," he advised her to demand the return of her money.

* * *

This she did, and eventually, realising that it was useless bluffing in the face of medical evidence, the quack paid up.

But the sorry fact remains that this man and countless others like him are able to continue in practice and are never at a loss for "patients" among ignorant and inexperienced eye-sufferers.

Regulations to put unqualified eye-specialists out of business are long overdue.

Impudent LEGAL TOUTS

INFORMATION reaches us that in the Blackburn district of Lancashire men are now canvassing for the Workers' Protection Association.

In return for an annual subscription of one shilling, this association, which has headquarters in Gray's Inn Road, London, offers a number of alleged benefits.

It is ready to give legal advice "on all matters," and to assist in accident and compensation claims.

* * *

Where libel, divorce or wills are concerned, the Workers' Protection Association offers to provide members with legal assistance "on special terms."

Now, the secretary of this organisation is T. G. Sandell, and we have already had occasion to criticise his practice of touting for custom among accident victims.

He pretends to fight their claims for them, though all he does is to pass on clients to a solicitor.

If the latter is successful in recovering any compensation, then in steps Mr. Sandell and claims 10 per cent. for the services of his precious Workers' Protection Association.

If those who have the misfortune to meet with an accident will be advised by us, they will act through a local solicitor direct instead of indulging in the doubtful luxury of this roundabout and superfluous procedure advocated by T. G. Sandell and his so-called "protection association."

Weekly Informations from— —MAJ.-GEN. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

NOVEL Spirit Message RAMP

I HAVE lately been directing an enquiry on behalf of shareholders of a concern named the Alia Syndicate, Ltd., which is one of the most curious propositions I have yet come across.

There are a great number of investors in the Alia Syndicate, most of them people of modest station, and many have subscribed to it practically all they possessed.

I have unhappy news for them. It is that all their money has been frittered away for no purpose and that they have been shamefully deceived.

Soon after I opened this investigation I was struck by two remarkable facts.

One was that the majority of the people who had been induced to give their money to the Alia Syndicate did so after spending holidays or having resided for a time in south of England resorts, particularly Bournemouth.

2,000 per cent.

The other was that almost invariably they had been introduced to the company by persons who, I find, profess belief in Spiritualism or Christian Science.

This Alia Syndicate, with a capital of £7,000 in shilling and sixpenny shares, was formed as a public company two years ago to produce an engine to be known as The Eulalia.

An extraordinary feature of its finance—in the light of what I have discovered—is that its shilling shares were sold at exorbitant premiums.

They were commonly hawked among the dupes at 900 per cent. more than their par value (if they ever had any value), and, in some cases, at 2,000 per cent.

A typical instance is that of a London omnibus conductor, who was persuaded to part with £300, in return for which he received 300 *one shilling* shares.

But he and the other victims were told such realistic stories about the powers and possibilities of the Eulalia engine that they readily provided the money and the tremendous premiums asked for.

In next to no time, they were assured, each shilling share they held would be worth not less than £10.

Among the letters in the file on my desk are some to a poor artisan who was induced to pay £1 for every worthless shilling share.

Piety—*no pity*

These communications are brimful of piety. They discourse on the "atmosphere of Love Divine," give quotations from the Book of Psalms, and assure the poor fellow that "Heaven itself will be yours."

He is asked to believe, in another letter, that there is no such thing as pain—*vide* Mrs. Eddy, of Christian Science fame—and that there is really nothing in human life which requires healing.

All this is beautifully blended with assurances that the Eulalia engine is a safe and rich commercial proposition.

This unhappy investor will know how the pain which can be inflicted by share-sharks, and that financial wounds at least do require healing.

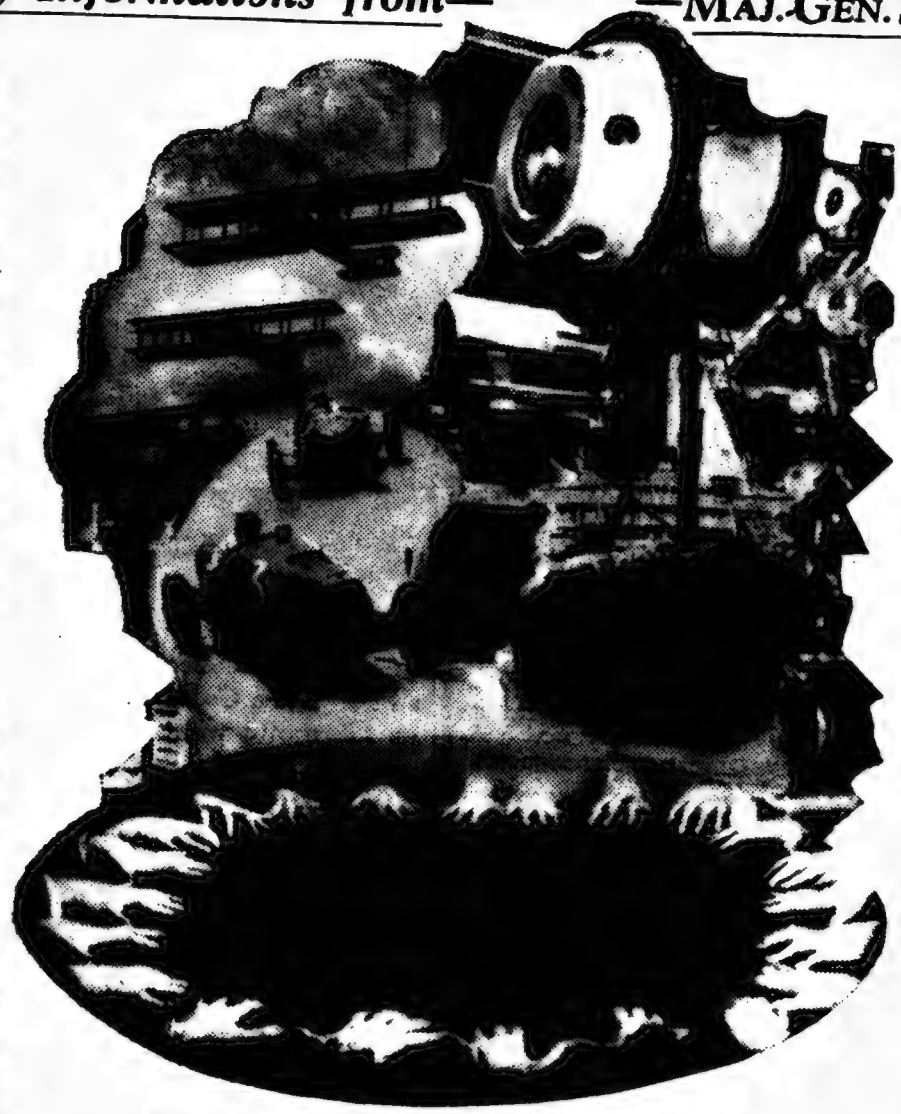
Since the beginning of the Eulalia camp none of the misguided shareholders has been able to obtain the least scrap of real information about the engine for which they believed their money was being used.

Again and again they have been led to believe that production of the engine was imminent, and they were recently assured that the directors hoped very soon to be able to obtain a factory.

This is strange. A London magistrate in a minor court case arising from the peculiar operations of the company was told long ago by one of its principals on oath that the investors' money was then actually being employed in the building of a factory.

The latest official advice to the deluded shareholders is that production of the engine has been postponed owing to the patents position still not being wholly safeguarded.

This is spoof. There is no Eulalia engine, and there is no money left with which to make one.



Out of a seance a vision was born of a mighty "psychic" engine—a machine whose power would set all modern wheels a-working—so said Keefe, the fantastic swindler

Salvaged millions farce

I will now tell why the investors have been refused information.

While scanning the register of shareholders of the Alia Syndicate, I noted, without surprise, that it contains the name of the Hardy Trust.

This Hardy Trust figures in my records of suspect financial operators because it took a leading part in a gigantic campaign to foist on the British public the rubbishy shares of a company called Navarino Recovery, Ltd.

There has never been anything more impertinent than this flotation, which we exposed at the outset to the great benefit of many of our readers.

In 1827 the combined British, French and Russian fleets sent to the bottom in Navarino Bay the fleets of Turkey and Egypt.

A century later Navarino Recovery, Ltd., was formed to salve from the sunken Turco - Egyptian ships £10,000,000 of treasure in gold and jewels which their crews were supposed to have pillaged in Greece.

The Recovery company was a hollow sham, but concerns like the Hardy Trust, now so closely identified with the Alia Syndicate, indulged in an orgy of share-touting on its behalf in this country.

Navarino Recovery, Ltd., bought its concession to find the £10,000,000 treasure from an individual named John Keefe.

It cannot be coincidence that the Hardy Trust is interested in the Alia Syndicate and that John Keefe has sold to the syndicate a 7 per cent. interest in the Eulalia engine.

He has done so for a trifle of £5,000 and an option on £2,000 worth of shares.

The "blah" machine

That accounts for some portion of the money provided by the unhappy investors in the Alia Syndicate.

The remainder has gone in the form of salaries, expenses and fees to a person named W. T. Farrow, of Station Road, Parkstone, Dorset; his wife, Lilian Farrow, and a party of friends who are supposed to have been collaborating with them in developing the Eulalia engine.

From the last accounts of the syndicate which I have been able to obtain it had then exactly £3 6s. 10d. to its credit in the bank, and its only "asset" is the 7 per cent. holding in the engine bought from Keefe.

Among the special features which it is alleged to possess are that it is an internal combustion turbine—whatever that may mean—and that it can be fitted equally well to locomotives, ships, aeroplanes and motor-cars.

Also, it has no magneto, no sparking-plugs, no valves, pistons, cylinders nor gears, and can give the extraordinary performance of propelling the heaviest vehicle for 200 miles upon one gallon of petrol.

Scoffers at spiritualism often comment upon the lack of anything useful in the communications from the other side.

Ghostly genius

Let me now inform them that the wonderful, although still unproduced, Eulalia engine came from the spiritualistic sphere.

Its design was dictated by an unknown mechanical genius in the other world to Mrs. Lilian Farrow while she acted as medium at a séance.

Naturally, she and her husband, who has been unloading the shares at colossal premiums, are now mainly conducting the Alia Syndicate.

What I should like to learn, however, are the circumstances in which John Keefe was enabled to sell 7 per cent. of this spiritualistic engine, which is still in the never-never land, to the people who are supposed to have obtained it by their own powers in spiritualism.

I commend this ugly romance of sunken ships, séances and psychic combustion to the quick attention of the authorities.

Ready-Made Sunshine!

MR. T. A. CORBETT was going off for a holiday; his bags were packed and his wife was putting the final touches on their shrilly excited youngsters.

Then a JOHN BULL man called with the great news. For Mr. Corbett, of 35, Farfield Terrace, Bradford, had won £400, a half-share in our Crossword Competition No. 129.

"The weather won't worry us now," Mr. Corbett smiled "—thanks for the sunshine!"

The second £400 goes to Mrs. D. Newall, of 52, Addington Road, Irthlingborough. She shares the prize with her mother, Mrs. Pettitt, who helped her solve the competition. Mrs. Newall hopes that a spell of very bad times has at last been broken.

Some years ago a severe illness left her with a crippled foot. A few years later she was married and went to Australia, but her husband died and she returned home with her two little boys.

Mrs. Newall intends to spend some of the prize-money in an effort to cure her foot.

Mrs. Pettitt's husband has just obtained a job after being unemployed for fourteen weeks—her outlook seems to be brightening, too.

* * *

Keen on sunbathing? Turn to page 32 and wallow!

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly. Send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

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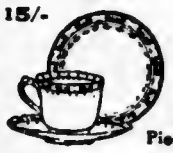

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Monstrous ARREST BLUNDER

BRANDED *by a* POLICE ERROR

Mr. and Mrs. Jerston were preparing to leave home for a Salvation Army service when this calamity overtook them

IT may seem incredible that in this country a man can be arrested for crimes of which he has no knowledge, confined in a prison-cell, and ultimately released without the slightest apology or compensation, although the simplest local enquiry would at once have established his innocence.

The case of Mr. Charles Vernon Jerston, which we have carefully investigated, proves that these things do occasionally happen. We maintain that this unfortunate man's experience is the result of a monstrous police blunder.

And, to add insult to injury, after the full facts were brought to the notice of the Liverpool police, Mr. Jerston received nothing but a curt acknowledgment of his letter with the amazing comment: "*Every effort will be made to effect the arrest of the man responsible for the offence*"!

Technical slip

This case of Charles Vernon Jerston, who is a dental mechanic, residing in the small Lanarkshire town of Blantyre, near Glasgow, is indeed a deplorable one.

At the outset it must be told that some years ago Mr. Jerston was convicted on a charge of having wrongfully obtained money from the parents of a young man whom he had taken into his business as a premium pupil.

It was held that as Mr. Jerston was not a registered dental practitioner, but merely a mechanic, he had no right either to teach the profession of dentistry or to accept money for giving training.

Three weeks ago Mr. Jerston and his wife were at their home in Glasgow Road, Blantyre, preparing to attend a service in Glasgow in connection with the Salvation Army, of which both of them are members.

Sent to the cells

Two policemen in uniform entered and announced without ceremony that Mr. Jerston must accompany them at once to the police-station, because a warrant had been issued for his arrest in connection with a series of frauds in Cheshire and Lancashire.

The appearance of the two policemen at a house in the main street of the tiny town caused a crowd to gather round the door, and Mr. Jerston had to pass a throng of neighbours and business acquaintances when he left for the police-station with the officers in attendance.

At the station he was informed that he had been taken into custody on the instructions of the Liverpool police, and that a warrant for his arrest related to accusations of having, during a period of three months a year before, obtained board and lodging by false pretences and committed a number of other frauds in Wallasey and Liverpool.

Mr. Jerston protested that he had never been in Wallasey in his life and had only once been in Liverpool, many years ago, when he went there to join a ship while he was serving with the Royal Marines.

The sergeant in charge produced a copy of an official police publication in which Mr. Jerston's name appeared in large type as that of a "wanted" man.

There was also a reference to his previous conviction in connection with his dental business.

Without more ado, he was searched and placed in a cell. There his boots were taken from him, and even the belt of his overcoat was removed, apparently as a precaution against suicide.

By this time almost everyone in Blantyre was aware that Mr. Jerston was in the cells.

His children shamed

Some hours later, when he was taken from the police-station and put in an open motor-car driven by a policeman in uniform and with a detective escorting him, a considerable crowd had gathered, and his departure for Hamilton, the county town a few miles away, was watched from almost every doorway and window.

Even Mr. Jerston's children at school were taunted that day by their fellows because their father had been made a police prisoner.

At Hamilton Mr. Jerston told the police authorities that if they cared to make the briefest enquiries they would discover that he had never been away from the Glasgow district for at least four years, and that the suggestion that he had been in Lancashire and Cheshire twelve months ago was absurd.

His appeal was disregarded. He was again searched and stripped of part of his clothing and once more locked in a cell to await the arrival of a police escort from Liverpool.

Loving hands' fine work

While Mr. Jerston lay a prisoner overnight at Hamilton, his wife began a brilliant piece of work on his behalf.

She called upon the senior police officer and demanded that he should telephone to the Liverpool police and obtain from them a complete account of the charges against her husband, containing the dates upon which the frauds were alleged to have been committed.

This was done, and in a few hours Mrs. Jerston returned home to Blantyre provided with all the details of the charges.

Police confounded

She knew, of course, that he was innocent and had not been away from the Glasgow district at the time of the frauds. But definite proof of her knowledge was necessary and she proceeded to obtain it.

Mrs. Jerston did so by sorting out all the records of the professional work of her husband during the three months to which the charges related.

These records consisted not only of a business ledger showing all payments made to and by him during the period in question, but a sheaf of printed forms signed and dated by clients whom he had personally attended or from whom he had personally received contracts.

In addition, Mrs. Jerston was able to prepare a list of friends and neighbours each of whom could provide definite evidence that her husband was in Glasgow or Blantyre on the dates he was accused of having perpetrated a number of frauds in Wallasey and Liverpool.

Next morning a policeman called upon Mrs. Jerston and informed her that a detective had arrived from Liverpool and that her husband was about to be removed to that city.

She went at once to Hamilton and was ushered into a room where three detectives were seated.

Laying before them the information and evidence which she had collected, Mrs. Jerston pleaded that they should investigate it before they took away her husband.

It should have been the duty of the police, of course, to have made this enquiry before they arrested Mr. Jerston.

If they had taken the slightest trouble in this respect they would have found that the accusations against him were wholly unfounded. There was not one, but a hundred alibis.

But for his wife's sagacity Mr. Jerston would have stood in the dock at Liverpool charged with crimes of which he had no knowledge whatever.

Ruined business

He remained a prisoner in his cell for another day, however, while the detectives interviewed his clients and neighbours to satisfy themselves that he had never been out of Glasgow.

Then he was released.

Mr. Jerston has demanded an explanation of this outrage from the Chief Constable of Liverpool, but the only solace he has received from that quarter is the three-line intimation that the Liverpool police will now make every effort to arrest the right man.

He has also appealed to the Home Office, but has been curtly informed that the Home Secretary refuses to take any action.

Until her husband's wrongful arrest and imprisonment Mrs. Jerston conducted a small but excellent dressmaking and drapery business in Blantyre. Now that business has fallen away to nothing.

They must pay

Mr. Jerston's own clients have also withdrawn from him in such numbers that his business is at a standstill.

This is only natural after the action of the police in having openly arrested and paraded him, and then proceeding after he was in custody to examine the people with whom he had business dealings.

If the police in the first instance had bothered to make proper enquiries they would have found that the man who had carried out the frauds was at one time a lodger in Mr. Jerston's home, and that he had wrongly used Mr. Jerston's name for the purposes of his crimes.

Terrible police blunders of this kind must be paid for.

£21 WIRELESS FOR 6D!

One of these luxurious 5-valve radio receivers may be yours for sixpence and a good "Bullet" this week. Ten such prizes are offered on page 35, as well as a £1,000 cheque for a few well-chosen words. Tune in to "Bullets" this evening.

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All that you have to do in order to obtain one of these superb Presentation Gifts is to prove for yourself, over a short trial period, the unequalled merit of the "Daily Herald" as the brightest and most interesting National morning newspaper.

Why we make this Offer

So convinced are we that the features which make the "Daily Herald" the fastest growing daily newspaper in the country will please YOU, that we offer these magnificent Gifts in order to introduce you to the "Daily Herald" without delay. Already the "Daily Herald" has a net sale of over 1,265,000 copies per day. Clean, up-to-date, vigorous, brilliant, human—it has won its place in the front rank as the foremost daily newspaper. Ahead with the news; ahead in the quality of its articles; ahead in the calibre of its contributors; ahead in freshness and originality . . . you simply MUST read the "Daily Herald"; and at the same time avail yourself of our unprecedented offer!

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Take the first step towards securing the Free Gift you select by filling in the forms below to-day.

Post Form "A" to the "Daily Herald" and hand Form "B," which is the Order Form, to your Newsagent. Immediately Form "A" is received by the "Daily Herald" a special Gift Voucher will be posted to you, and at the same time either an "Ensign" Camera **OR** a "Court" Half-Guinea Writing Set will be set aside and reserved in your name in readiness to be despatched to you after you have given the "Daily Herald" a trial for six weeks only. This offer is open only to readers of "John Bull" who are not yet readers of the "Daily Herald." An opportunity for "Daily Herald" readers to secure one of these magnificent gifts, appears in that paper regularly.

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If you wish, a Portrait attachment, to take "close-ups," can be fitted to your camera for a nominal charge, by special arrangement with the manufacturers.

Your first film comes with your Camera.

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The alternative Gift of a Free Writing Set is one to be proud of. Pen and Pencil are fashioned out of "chased" vulcanite. For the sake of durability, the Pen is fitted with a 14-carat solid gold nib, tipped with a jewel-like point of costly iridium. This Pen is one in a thousand—to give years of writing joy. A touch of the lever refills the Pen in a flash.

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If you select an "Ensign" Camera, so that your gift reaches you ready for immediate use, we have arranged with the manufacturers to include with each Camera one B.29 "Ensign" Film which will take six pictures 2 in. by 3 in.

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A POST AT ONCE

"DAILY HERALD" FREE GIFT RESERVATION FORM

To Dept. J. 1, "Daily Herald," 3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2.

This Form reserves in your name either a Free "Ensign" Camera OR a Free Writing Set. Indicate which Gift you would like in Section on right. ——> Post at once, otherwise Gift will not be reserved.

I CERTIFY that I have NOT yet registered as a new reader of the "Daily Herald" nor have I taken the "Daily Herald" for the past month and that I have not previously made application for a Free Gift under this Scheme.

I undertake to give the "Daily Herald" a trial for **six weeks**, and I have placed an order with the newsagent whose name and address I give below for verification purposes. I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

Please reserve in my name the Gift indicated on right - either a Free Camera **OR** a Free Writing Set—and send me a Free Gift Voucher on which I am to qualify for my Gift. In order to make it quite clear which Gift you require, please write the Gift here..... Send this form in an unsealed envelope bearing a half-penny stamp.

If you require a CAMERA, write "Camera" in the top left corner of your envelope, if a WRITING SET please put "Writing Set" on the envelope.

Please strike out below Gift which you do NOT require in order that we may reserve one in your name.

WRITING SET

ENSIGN CAMERA

New Reader's Name .....

Full Postal Address .....

Newsagent's Name .....

Full Postal Address .....

Date.....

CHECKED — District Supervisor.

Please Write Clearly. CAPITAL LETTERS JOHN BULL 19/9/31

The Reservation Form above can under no circumstances be accepted later than September 30, 1931.

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Please deliver/reserve **THE "DAILY HERALD"** for me [illegible] six weeks and daily thereafter until further notice.

Signature .....

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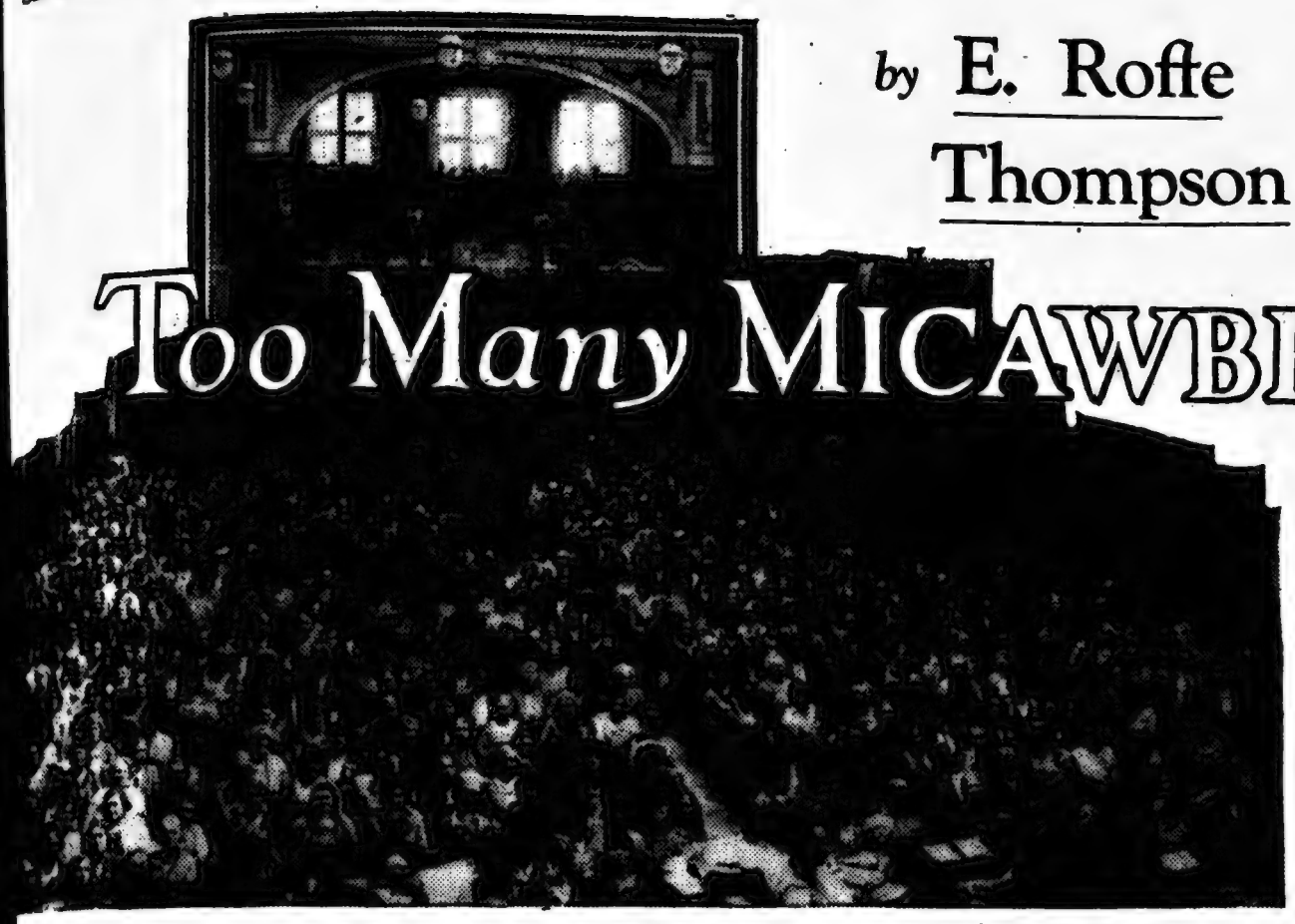
Date..... PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Too Many MICAWBERS

by E. Rofte Thompson



"'The unknown heroes and patriots of the nation' are numbered in hundreds of thousands" . . . See them represented here at a Congress meeting of the Women's Co-operative Guilds

IN a time of national depression it is a good thing to look round for something solid on which to anchor our hopes and endeavours; and I am one of those incurable optimists who believe hat there is usually a solid and eartening foundation on which to uild if we only trouble to look for it. "I anticipate," said a well-known ublicist the other day, "an attempted epetition of the General Strike, to be efeated as before by the unknown eroes and patriots of the nation."

It is, I believe, a singularly foolish nticipation, broken in advance on the ck of common-sense that runs like a gantic vertebra through the country.

But it was those last few words at struck me—"the unknown heroes d patriots of the nation"—and I gan to wonder who they were. The ore I thought, the more I saw the lidity on which British security ally rests.

It is rather astonishing, when you me to think seriously about it, how w, how very few, people get their mes into the papers.

The limelight beats upon a dozen so, and we hurry like a flock of thinking sheep to fawn upon their rds and cheer their deeds.

Unsung heroes

Not that I decry them. An Amy nnson, a Kaye Don, or even a Jack bbs, has a place in the fabric of national life that is not at all unportant, to say nothing of the blic figures into whose hands we e the management of our national siness, the statesmen, the politians, the civil servants, and the merous experts whose advice is ays at their service.

But behind these figureheads is a lth of strength and solidity of ich we rarely hear.

The unknown heroes and patriots the nation" are numbered in hunds of thousands, hardworking, lawding, striving men and women who ften despite, and not because of, efforts of those who attempt to their destinies—have built up the bility and glory of Britain by silent rage, uncomplaining sacrifice, and olute striving towards a betterment their standard of life.

see some of these people as I e—people who, to-day, are the bulwark against which the waves of panic and distrust are breaking in vain.

And if you want to see gleams of optimism in the darkness that has seized on the national imagination, you cannot do better than look at them.

I can only point you to one or two—though I know of enough to fill several books—but they are typical of the spirit that alone can break through the dreadful atmosphere of apathy and dependence that is threatening to sap away our national strength.

Valiant self-help

The world is certainly suffering from a disease of its economic system, but it is no less suffering from a mental disease, the hallucination that something can be obtained for nothing, that life can be lived without work, and that dependency is preferable to independence—all fallacies.

I think first of a woman who, when I first knew her, lived in the slums of one of our great provincial cities.

Her great ambition was to get out of the slums, and she got out. She worked and slaved and saved, but she got out.

To-day she and her husband are leading citizens in that city. They own a big business; they take a great part in civic life.

There is Mrs. Scott, a Justice of the Peace. She went to work in the hat shops when she was twelve, and she had to be at work at six o'clock in the morning.

For years she worked till eight or nine o'clock at night for 13s. a week. Often enough she had to take work home with her, sitting up till midnight to finish it.

Will to win

How did she rise from that to the respected position of a magistrate? How does anyone rise except by push and grit and determination not to be beaten by circumstances?

Mrs. Yearn is another. She also is a Justice of the Peace, yet her father was a brick-setter by trade, and her earliest job was to take her baby sister twice a day to the mill in which her mother worked to be fed.

She herself, even after she was married, worked in the mill. But she got on. She was made a director of her co-operative society, a member of the court of referees for the employment exchange, a member of the National Health Insurance Committee in her town.

These two are women, and typical of thousands of working-class wives and mothers who, without neglecting their homes and their families, take as deep and intelligent an interest in the affairs of their country as their husbands do.

And no one who has seen and heard them in congress can fail to realise that genuine constructive statesmanship is not confined to Westminster.

I know two young men who could not get a job. They got together a few pounds and started a business making artistic pottery.

They are their own salesmen, going from door to door with their samples soliciting custom, and they are slowly but steadily getting their feet on solid ground.

There are too many people to-day who have fallen into the frame of mind of believing that effort on their part is superfluous.

They are obsessed by the modern equivalent of the Roman bread and circuses. They are sitting still, waiting for something to happen and for something to be given to them.

That is why I say the world is suffering from a mental illness just as much as from an economic disease. Most people to-day are suffering from a fatal disbelief in their own powers and their own abilities.

The few cases I have quoted may seem trivial on the surface, but I believe they are, multiplied as they could be by thousands, the one really hopeful sign of the times.

They are symptomatic of the unquestionable grit and persistence of the great bulk of the people.

Some people are saying that we have reached a higher standard of living in this country than we can afford.

They are saying, to put it colloquially, that we all want it "with jam on it." And they are saying that we must learn to do without the jam.

It may be so. I am not going to express an opinion on a question that has set all our ablest economists by the ears; but what interests and heartens me is the fact that we *have* attained this standard.

We have fought and struggled and *achieved*—for to look at conditions to-day as compared with those of a scant fifty years ago is to look from sunlight into deepest shadow.

Britain's life-blood

Maybe we have outrun ourselves a little, though I, personally, doubt it. Certainly for a time, whatever may be the cause, we shall have to go slowly.

But there are thousands of people like Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Yearn whose names never get into the papers, whom no one hears of outside their immediate circle, but who *are* Britain.

It is on them, on their courage and determination and innate ability, and not on our lime-lit notabilities, that Britain's recovery depends.

They are "the unknown heroes and patriots" whose strength is immeasurably greater than any menace that has yet threatened us.

The Human Machine

Who Dare LIVE?

PEOPLE often talk of courage as though it implies only the tackling of some difficult and dangerous feat from which most would shrink. They never think that physical courage is only one aspect of the virtue we call bravery.

Yet the fact is that plenty of real courage goes unheeded and unrecognised every day, courage that does not depend on spectacular deeds, but rests on the strength of character that enables a man to think his own thoughts and live his own life.

"Most people," said Dr. Nansen in his diary, "seem to think first and foremost of what impression they are making on other people, even if those others are far inferior to them.

"Many are afraid of being too insistent in urging their opinions. Many are afraid to own their opinions, even when they are their innermost convictions, because they think it may lower them in the estimation of other people. Always, always, it is our impression on others. Our whole life is arranged with a view to the effect on others, arranged as other people would have it. Who lives for himself? Who lives his own life?"

The honest answer is, Very few; and that is largely what is wrong with the world and always has been wrong with it. We are too willing to be led and too unwilling to shoulder the responsibilities of leading.

We are too lazy to think, and too cowardly to act. We mismanage life by allowing ourselves to be gulled and bamboozled by custom, tradition and the fear of others' censure. Our plain duty is to push steadily forward to a well-defined goal. To drift is fatal, for those who allow themselves to drift mostly drift the wrong way.

Just the difference that makes all the difference

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Without FEAR or FAVOUR

SCOTLAND YARD: Dramatic Plan

DURING the past few days various daily newspapers have talked of the possible formation of a national detective force. We talked of the same thing and advocated it very strongly at least two years ago.

To-day we can take our readers a step further than the daily Press has been able to do. We predict definitely that the Criminal Investigation Department will become a nation-wide organisation in the near future.

This dramatic change in the organisation of the plain-clothes branch of the police force is due and overdue. It cannot, unfortunately, take place without specific legislation, and the emergency Government of to-day will have no time to deal with this very important subject.

The Yard stands ready to slip the leash . . .

The great link-up

WE predict, however, that in the near future Scotland Yard will at last be given a national jurisdiction. Plain-clothes men throughout the country will be placed on a totally separate footing from that of the uniformed branch.

This will involve an entirely new system of direct co-operation between Scotland Yard and the detective forces throughout the provinces.

It will involve unified control, the immediate calling-in of Yard experts to deal with murder and other major crimes, in no matter what district they occur, and, we hope, a notable improvement in the prospects of all the picked men now engaged in this most important branch of the police service.

JOHN BULL has never hesitated to criticise the police when criticism was deserved. At the same time, it has always recognised that, speaking generally, there is no more efficient, dependable and staunch body of public servants in this or any other country.

And, though we fully recognise the urgent need for national economy, we do not hesitate to say in this connection that we deplore any general cut in police pay.

Savings might well be effected by a revision of police administration, and there are many anomalies which cry aloud for adjustment.

It is, for example, a fact that any genial rural "bobby," who rarely gets a case more exciting than that of a cyclist riding without a lamp, receives exactly the same pay as a picked constable in the Metropolitan Force of equal service.

Pay-packet pathos

THIS is sheer nonsense. It is so obviously unjust that the ordinary public, unfamiliar with police regulations and procedure, may scarcely credit it. But it is true, nevertheless.

Rank for rank, the pick of the force—that is to say, the men who pass the special tests applied to all C.I.D. recruits—get exactly the same pay as their rural colleagues in uniform, apart from certain trivial allowances quite inadequate to meet the special needs of their special duties.

This is an injustice which must be remedied when the new national detective force is formed.

But we can go further than this. The Scotland Yard man to-day is not only no better off than his less skilled colleagues; he is definitely penalised because his chances of promotion are very much smaller.

We demand a revision of this scandalous state of affairs immediately legislation authorising the formation of the national C.I.D. is passed.

Picked men must be paid special salaries. They must be given at least equal chances of promotion. And, finally, the recent tendency to give men a step up on strict merit rather than seniority must be encouraged.

Hot on the scent!

NOW let us return to our main subject—the need for, and the forthcoming formation of, a national detective force. We have commented not once, but a dozen times, upon the absurdity of the existing system. Here is the core of our repeated protest.

Scotland Yard to-day has no jurisdiction outside the Metropolitan area. It is absolutely within the discretion of local Chief Constables whether to call in the Yard's assistance or not.

When it is called in, it often happens that so long an interval has elapsed that the scent is absolutely cold.

We do not disparage the provincial police, but the fact remains that, outside important centres such as Manchester and Birmingham, they lack both the experience and the specialised knowledge of the Yard's experts.

Though there have been cases where Scotland Yard itself has failed, it is highly significant that, in its own area, last year it investigated eleven murder cases, made ten arrests, and secured seven convictions.

That is a record which speaks for itself. It remains to be added that in the great majority of unsolved murder cases during the past few years, happening, as they did, in the provinces, Scotland Yard was not called in.

The reason for this reluctance to call in the help of Scotland Yard is local prejudice. The best brains are required in all cases where murder is suspected, and also in many other crimes of major importance. It is madness to permit personal feeling to stand in the way of expert assistance.

Take the case of Lieut. Chevis, who died at Aldershot recently after eating poisoned partridge. The police, his widow and his father all believe that Lieut. Chevis was murdered. Yet the best detective brains in the land were ignored.

Even when Lord Byng was approached by the dead man's father to intervene, he was powerless to do so because the Surrey police, in a none too complimentary tone, still rigidly refused to have any expert help.

Moreover, even had they decided to call in the Yard after weeks had elapsed, the chances of securing an arrest and conviction would have become exceedingly remote.

But the Yard would not have been able to refuse its assistance, and would naturally have been exposed to unfair criticism for its failure.

This kind of thing must end, and will end with the formation of the new national detective force, the preliminary scheme for which has already been discussed by high police officials throughout the country.

Broadly speaking, the plan is to divide the country into a number of special areas of C.I.D. control, with strong local men posted at the chief centres and Scotland Yard in direct touch with all of them.

The Yard would be given absolute power to intervene in any case of grave crime, and, if its local representative needed them, it would send its specialised men to his assistance immediately.

In addition to this essential change, branch record offices—miniature duplicates of the Yard itself—would be set up at each area headquarters.

Anti-crime mobilisation

COMPLETE dossiers, descriptions, photographs, finger-prints and so on would thus be available at a moment's notice, and suspects could be dealt with immediately, whereas now letters have to be exchanged or a local officer has to be sent to London and back to obtain his information.

It is not yet possible to give details of the most important and necessary project. But we maintain that it will represent a formidable new offensive in the perpetual war against criminals.

We have been demanding such an offensive for two years. The need for it has become more and more urgent, and to-day, with an increase in crimes of violence and an alarmingly increased mobility among the more desperate men, the formation of a national detective force has become an imperative necessity.

We commend the facts to the attention of the Home Office, with the warning that no local objections or prejudices should be allowed to stand in the way of a great reform.

An Army

Three notorious crooks who have all figured in glaring commercial frauds. From the left: Henri Muller, audacious bogus bankrupt; James M. Williams; and Frank Charteris, alias Frank Jennings

REPUTABLE British firms in every part of the country are bitterly complaining of victimisation by alien tricksters who specialise in various commercial frauds, and who are able to "get away with it" because of the countless loopholes which our existing laws present.

The offenders make a business of bankruptcy. They are men who can literally be said to thrive upon failure. It can be estimated that at least three thousand front-rank exponents are always at work.

The personal earnings of such men average £15,000 a year, and official figures show that, since the war, their operations have cost honest business-men more than £40,000,000.

Even this colossal figure does not indicate the full extent of their ravages. If complete statistics could be compiled, the result would be truly alarming, for special figures taken between 1920 and 1923 alone reveal losses aggregating £26,668,000.

A high percentage of the rogues behind the organised business "crashes" involving these titanic losses are aliens, and cases lately brought to the notice of the police have grown so numerous that the Public Prosecutor's office cannot possibly cope with all of them.

We jailed him

Let us examine one or two particularly glaring examples of this sort of thing, beginning with the exploits of a notorious swindler, whose unsavoury reputation extends to France, Germany, and America, and who last operated in England in the name of Henri Muller.

Muller, fortunately, is now in jail, his conviction having followed an exclusive exposure in JOHN BULL relating to one of his coups perpetrated some months ago, when he was passing in the aliases of "Mr. Whistler," "Mr. Martin" and "Mr. Harrison."

For years he has evaded the police at home and abroad, for he is one of the "long-firm" kings.

In one name or another he has been behind a score of swindles, and in many bankruptcy proceedings he has mysteriously figured as a "creditor" or a "debtor" to suit himself, while dummies have stood examination in his stead.

Traders in Leeds, Bradford, Nottingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Leicester, and scores of other places have suffered heavily in consequence.

In nearly all the bogus bankruptcies he has engineered, the failure has been explained by claiming that disastrous business has been done with other companies which have defaulted.

After several aliens had been rounded up in a succession of these bankruptcies, a comparison of the records showed that the names of defaulting companies cropped up with surprising regularity in the excuses put forward by different bankrupts, and other similarities of method suggested the presence of one guiding figure in the background.

Fatal coincidence

That figure was Muller, and he controlled not only the various bankrupt companies, but also the defaulting concerns which provided an "explanation" for their failure!

In the past year he has run three big long-firm ventures simultaneously.

One, operated from an office in Holborn Viaduct, London, with the aid of various aliens, obtained huge consignments of goods.

The others, conducted from offices in Cheapside and Newgate Street, dealt in foreign wines and cigars, and utilised a privately-owned vessel to smuggle the bulk of their merchandise through the Customs.

But Muller fell when he decided to emerge from the background to undertake a delicate negotiation in person.

Wishing to dispose of a valuable necklace which was among his fraudulently obtained stock, he called upon a Bond Street jeweller.

While negotiating the sale, another caller entered who, unknown to Muller, was employed by the firm from whom the necklace had been obtained. He recognised Muller, and made signs to the jeweller to refuse to bargain. When Muller left the shop he followed him and handed him over to the police.

Raising the dead

Though Muller is now serving a well-merited term of penal servitude, many of his accomplices are still at large.

Some fraudulent traders are not so audacious as Muller, and operate through dormant companies which enjoyed a good reputation before they went out of business, and which, through a loophole in our company laws, can be resurrected—in name at least—on payment of a few pounds.

Two such companies have recently been run by a gang of rogues with offices in London, and English and foreign firms have been defrauded of huge sums.

Both these concerns are now being specially investigated by one of the Official Receivers attached to the Bankruptcy Court in Carey Street, London, W.C. As he is of the opinion that grave frauds have been perpetrated, it is to be hoped that the instigators, one of Russian origin, will soon be brought to book.

In one case an old insurance company was "re-dressed" for a commercial fraud by a notorious crook named Williams, who has run several bogus businesses both here and in France.

So grave has the problem become, particularly to those engaged in the textile trade, that hundreds of victimised firms throughout the country have banded themselves together and become members of an organisation which, unknown to the public, is waging ceaseless warfare against commercial swindlers.

This is the Textile Trades Association for the Prevention of Fraudulent Trading. Lord Barnby, C.M.G., C.B.E., is its president, and Sir Henry Ballantyne figures among its vice-presidents.

Costly trials

Often when the Public Prosecutor's department fails to take action, this association steps in and prosecutes, but the difficulties with which it has to contend are endless.

In one case in Manchester, where the association assisted in the task of prosecuting eight men on charges of false pretences, fraud and conspiracy, the hearing occupied nearly a fortnight, and involved the attendance of nearly 130 witnesses.

The cost of the trial was a big burden to bear, while the preparation of the evidence represented a colossal task.

In this instance the offending firm's books had been deliberately faked, but it was stated that £13,000 worth of goods had been obtained on credit and not paid for.

The faking of books is common, of course, and in many cases they are consigned to a bonfire when the crooks decide to fly.

But it is the tremendous expenditure of time and money which deters most traders from embarking upon a prosecution on their own account.

Another factor which tells in favour of the commercial swindlers is a regrettable tendency on the part of the courts to pass sentences which are absurdly inadequate.

This is partly to be explained by the fact that offenders usually deem it prudent to plead "guilty," which makes it unnecessary for the prosecution to call all the evidence they could.

With many aspects of a case thus unrevealed in court, the offence may often seem lighter than it really is.

Another point which probably accounts for the leniency displayed by magistrates and judges is that cases of commercial fraud appear comparatively mild when taken in conjunction with cases of violent crime heard in the same courts.

It has been suggested, and quite reasonably, we think, that cases of commercial fraud should be heard in a separate court.

As we have previously hinted, the majority of the offenders are aliens, proof of which statement can be supplied in the following arresting fact:

A victimised man in the textile trade asked a clerk to find out how many bankrupts registered for one year were aliens.

The clerk soon returned to say that the job was far too big for one man to tackle on the spot, so a trade protection society was em-

When the crook decides to fly he covers his by burning his books!

# of BOGUS BANKRUPTS

Aliens who "Crash" to Conquer

Faking a burglary —but the marks inside the safe gave him away

Muller's downfall: "The caller made signs to the jeweller to refuse to bargain . . ."

ployed and discovered that the number was 470—much more than one a day!

There was a case recently in which two firms known as "J. Britton," of Watling Street, London, and "A. Newman," of Berners Street, London, set up in business and proceeded to order goods from various traders.

When "J. Britton" was asked for references, traders were referred to "A. Newman," and *vice versâ*. But the truth is that the individuals behind both concerns were two brothers, named Jack and Myer Lazarus.

A cleverly organised swindle was run from South London headquarters some time ago by aliens in assumed British names under the direction of a Pole, who enjoyed a long spell of immunity until finally arrested in Paris by the French police for his part in a commercial fraud run there.

A French-Syrian opened offices in Liverpool, obtained goods to the value of £10,000 by fraud, shipped them abroad, and followed them before anyone could take action against him.

Another alien, involved in a £200,000 swindle run from Birmingham, Manchester, London and Leeds, is still at large, though a warrant has been out against him for years.

A Persian who started business in Eastcheap, London, as a cloth and general merchant, defrauded traders of £9,000 in the space of a few months. When he was made bankrupt he tried to account for his failure by fictitious losses.

Bogus fires and bogus robberies are favourite devices employed by these alien tricksters to account for the loss of goods which have really been disposed of for cash.

In one case the Old Jewry police found a safe completely ransacked. But careful examination showed that the marks, both on the safe and on the office door, had been made from the inside.

Phantom burglars

An alien who boasted offices in Barbican, and who dealt in all kinds of merchandise, went bankrupt for £30,000 as soon as his dupes, who were scattered throughout the country, began to grow restive.

He had nothing in the way of assets, nor could he produce any tangible statement of affairs.

He lamely told the Official Receiver that someone had entered his warehouse and had stolen thousands of pounds' worth of goods.

He was not insured, and, cross-examined, he even admitted that he had not notified the police.

It is all very galling to British traders, who are puzzled to know why alien commercial tricksters cannot be deported as "undesirable" when the Home Secretary has full powers to banish them if he chooses.

Details of thousands of bankruptcies are officially recorded with the Board of Trade, where offenders have pleaded "bad judgment," "loss on sales," "burglary," "loss by fire" or "bad book debts" as being responsible for their failure.

They win by "losing"

Until recently, for example, two men were trading as Litman and Spurling, costumiers and mantle manufacturers, at an address in Newgate Street, London.

When they suddenly failed in October, 1930, creditors in various parts of the country presented claims for nearly £10,000.

Yet, barely six months later, these men applied for their discharge, despite the fact that they had failed to explain what had happened to one consignment of "lost" goods, worth £2,000, obtained on credit, or why certain articles had been disposed of under cost price.

As in so many of these cases, the Registrar severely castigated the offenders, who, he said, clearly embarked upon a course of dishonest trading which approached absolute fraud.

But though the bankruptcy officials have in countless similar failures concluded their reports with such phrases as "mismanagement," "dishonest conduct," "fictitious sales," or "fraudulent throughout," nothing is done, and the matter ends with the bankrupt having his discharge from bankruptcy suspended for a year or two.

And, as often as not, he repays this leniency by starting again immediately in another name.

Yet much might be done to combat the evil by the introduction of a few simple rules.

All bankrupts, *particularly those of alien origin*, should be compelled to notify the Official Receiver of changes of address and employment at regular intervals until they obtain their discharge.

The failure of a bankrupt to keep proper books of account should be regarded as a far graver offence than it is, and punishment should be correspondingly more severe.

Finally, all Registrars of Bankruptcy should be empowered to recommend alien offenders for deportation in any case that is at all suspicious.

Although, for the reasons we have given, Registrars may consider that a case does not justify the heavy cost of prosecution, it would be an excellent thing if they were empowered, subject to Home Office ratification, to order banishment.

Crippled traders

In Bankruptcy Court archives at the present time are dossiers relating to thousands of aliens who should certainly not be allowed to enjoy the hospitality of our shores a moment longer.

And here is a point which provides very disquieting food for thought. For every alien who thrives on organised failure there are hundreds of honest British traders who must suffer loss in consequence.

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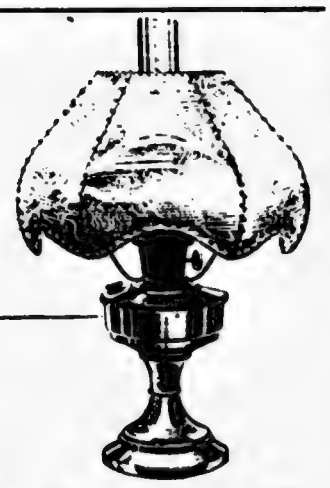

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A
Real Life Story
by
Vance Palmer

THE long glass of the hotel bedroom was very kind to Marcia as she stood before it, fastening a moonstone brooch on her shoulder. It filled her with a deliciously new revelation of herself.

Was it only imagination, or had that haunting wrinkle that ran down under her chin really disappeared? And her eyes—they had lost that strained look and had the mystery of brown opal in their depths!

It couldn't be an illusion; every cell in her body was repeating the assurance that she was still beautiful, and had even something of the verve of youth about her.

Of course, Cardew, the dark, quiet-eyed man at her table, had helped to give her that sense of renewal. It was so wonderful to feel that her day was not yet done, and that she could still be more interesting to a man like that than the gauzy-frocked girls who fluttered like white butterflies about the beach and the tennis-court.

"Forty . . . forty . . . forty!" the very ticking of the big clock in the hall had repeated at home.

AND that was a malicious exaggeration, for there were three whole years to run before she turned that dreaded corner. But she had always looked ahead—romantically at first, with an excited sense that some wonderful ship of dreams was due to appear above the horizon, and latterly in a sort of terror, knowing that she had nothing to expect save the approach of middle age.

She listened to the jazz-band tuning up on the balcony, and something in her blood moved in time to the rhythms, almost as if she were a girl looking forward to her first dance.

It was only six days since she had come down to the summer hotel that overlooked an arm of the sea, and yet twice as many years had fallen from her.

Her arms, she felt, were really pretty except for that faint roughness at the elbows. How long was it since George had discovered she had pretty arms? How long since he had forgotten!

"Better take a good holiday while you're about it," he had said, in his casual way. "There's no need to hurry back. I'll probably have dinner at the club most evenings, and Mrs. Bryce will look after Ron."

Then he turned to the Stock Exchange reports and the cricket scores, only rousing himself when she asked him to puzzle out the trains. He was satisfied that Mrs. Bryce would not forget any of the little comforts that made his own life run so smoothly.

MARCIA went out to the balcony where Cardew, the dark, quiet-eyed man was waiting, smoking a cigar. She could divine from something in his face that she was looking radiant, a little above herself.

He was not the sort of man to pay obvious compliments, yet he had his own subtle and indirect way of showing what was in his mind.

"Do you know," he said, "that frock reminds me of Capri—a shimmer of unearthly blues and greens over a white sea-floor."

She was fascinated by the lights of little fishing-boats dancing on the water, stirred by the scent of some briny shrub that drifted up from the cliffs. There was a small island on the skyline, its shape dimly outlined in the summer twilight.

The COUGH

A FAINT, hacking cough in the night and Marcia forgot her new-found romance; remembered only that she had a son cut there with a white face and big round eyes . . .

"Youth came back again . . . when his kiss was on her lips"

An Appeal No Mother Could Resist

"I'd like to go there," she said suddenly, with a sweep of the hand.

"Well, why not to-morrow?" he suggested. "They'd make up a picnic-basket at the hotel here, and I could get a boat."

She flashed a glance at him that was half a challenge.

"You respond too easily to my whims. It makes me realise they're only whims."

He laughed in a puzzled way.

"Why, what would you have me do? Throw cold water on them?"

"No," she said. "I don't think I'd like that, either. So many men have a habit of applying it in little spoonfuls."

She was thinking of George's attitude whenever she grew temperamental or enthusiastic about anything.

And at the back of her mind she was wondering whether Cardew was really in love with her. It was easy to believe that he was a bit of a misogamist, filled with a secret hostility to women; she had gathered that from the sardonic twist of his phrases when they had first met.

Her first impression was that he was dull, taciturn, absorbed in his own gloomy thoughts. Yet how she had thrilled to the look in his eyes that first evening, when she had turned round on the piano-stool and seen him watching her from the door!

ALL the doors were open on to the balcony, and the band was playing a one-step inside. Before she realised it, Marcia was gliding as lightly as thistledown over the polished floor, with Cardew's arm around her.

Her feet were light as her head, and laughter seemed to rise like bubbles from her throat. Home and the grandfather clock were miles away, and only once during the evening did she think of George's letter and of the casual couple of sentences at the end:

"Everything's going on wheels, though young Ron's got a bit of a cough. You know how hard it is to make him change his wet boots when he comes home from school."

The room was filled with young people flushed with a long day in the sun, golfing or fishing, and their romping high spirits set the tone of the evening.

Marcia strolled down with Cardew to the bottom of the grounds, where the sea was lapping with a silky swish over the pebbles, and for some reason her joy in recovering her lost youth began to ooze out of her.

Was it contact with so many uproarious young people, all depressingly smart and modern? Or was it the monotonous note of the sea, insisting that whatever had happened was final and irrevocable.

Cardew was talking vaguely about his past—apparently a lonely one in India, or some other part of the East.

"They say life's what you make it, but how many people get a chance of using their will? Before they realise it their future's settled for them. They get pushed into blind alleys."

"I know," she assented.

His brown eyes regarded her intensely in the dusk.

"You've learnt what it was to be unwarted too? . . . Somehow I guessed that."

His arm had stolen around her shoulder, and the melancholy sound of the sea ebbed away from her; youth came back again with his touch, when his kiss was on her lips. They talked in an airy, elusive way about the island, over which a late moon was rising.

How wonderful it would be to have a cottage there, far away from the rest of the world! There would be endless days of lolling in the sun, bathing, watching the white sea-birds turning about like feathers. Eternal summer and eternal youth!

Lying awake that night in her room that opened on to the balcony, Marcia felt all her body melt away except the spot on her neck where Cardew's lips had touched.

He was in love with her!

The dark intensity of his eyes would have confessed that, even if he had been dumb. And there were days ahead in which they could find out what this new revelation meant for them.

No need yet to think about the future! It was enough to lie still and think of the things Cardew had said, and the way he had looked at her. Her heart was fluttering softly like a bird beneath the hand.

She felt she had not been really living during the last few years with George; something in her had been numbed and dead. The very way he looked at her over the table made her remember the wrinkle under her chin and the little lines around her eyes.

"Why didn't I break before?" she asked herself. "Lack of courage, probably. . . . Or was it because there was no one to bring me to life?"

A faint, hacking cough from the other side of the wall roused her on the borders of sleep, and she found herself widely awake and startled.

It was a child's cough, and she had heard it earlier in the evening, but now in the silence of the sleeping hotel it seemed to sound out with shattering force.

She was reminded of how she used to lie awake the winter before, listening to Ronnie in the next room. Reminded of how she would lie quite still almost holding her breath for fear any movement on her part would make him cough again!

And, of course, at such moments there was always the horrid suspicion that the doctor might be mistaken; that he really might have a spot on the lung, like his uncle Stephen.

WHAT a fight George and she had had to pull him round that time! So obstinate he had always been, so stubborn about being treated as an invalid! It was always so desperately hard to make him wear warm enough clothes, or to keep his feet dry. And George had hinted that he was beginning the old racket again!

Marcia awoke twice during the night with troubled dreams. Once she was on an island, staring through fog and mist to the mainland, from which came the faint sound of a cough. She knew it was Ronnie, though she could not see his face, but when she tried to go to him a man held her back.

"Don't be so beastly sentimental, Marcia. What's that youngster to you? You belong to me now."

There was a grey sky and a grey sea next morning when she went out on the balcony.

She met the mother of the sick boy as she went down to breakfast.

"Such a wretched night I've had," the woman told her. "There's a sort of croupy cough going around, and my boy's got it badly. He was at a boarding-school near here, and I'm sure the matron didn't look after him."

Marcia hardly heard what Cardew was saying at the table. She had a vision of Ronnie choking for breath in the little bedroom on the landing—the white face, the big, round eyes, the racked chest that had always been a little weak.

AS he looked up at her she could hear him mutter faintly in the babyish tone he used when he was ill:

"Why didn't you come, Mummy? I was calling for you all night."

That afternoon she was on the train for Paddington, after sending a wire that she was coming. It was stupid, she told herself, but a nerve of superstition had been touched, and she had heard of such warnings before.

Would she be in time? That was the question that dominated her mind, so that she even sought an answer from the rhythm of the train, interpreting its answer now in one way, now in another.

"In time . . . not in time. In time . . . not in time."

She leant back in the carriage and tried to close her eyes.

George was at Paddington with the car to meet her.

"How's Ronnie?" was the first question she asked.

He looked at her a little uncertainly.

"Oh, all right. Playing cricket with the second eleven this afternoon, so he couldn't come in with me. . . . But what made you hurry back, old girl? That hotel prove a wash-out?"

He lifted her traps into the car and drove off. After her long tension there was something homely and comforting about his little jokes and the bear-like warmth of his big, tweed-clad figure.

MRS. BRYCE was managing well, he told her, but she wasn't used to his ways, and usually put things in the wrong places. So it was good to have her back. He gave her a twinkling, affectionate look that put the right meaning into his perfunctory words.

Near the house she became aware that he was talking of someone who had been staying at the same hotel.

"Dark, gloomy sort of fellow," he said. "Bit of a hypochondriac. Got a decent little wife, but always goes off for his holidays alone, leaving her to mug alone with the four children. Perhaps you didn't meet him."

"Who? What was that?" she said, waking up.

"Cardew, my managing clerk. You didn't come across him?"

"No," she said vaguely. "At least . . . yes, perhaps I did."

The house had come into view, and Ronnie, his cricket-match over, was bursting down the path. He looked very sun-flushed and burly.

"Have a good time, Mumsy?" he said, jumping on the footboard.

She flushed as she kissed him.

"Quite," she said lightly. "But next holiday I'm taking the whole family with me. I get morbid when I go away alone."

Next Week:

"Folly,"

by Sophia Cleugh

Race with "Silver Ring"

'Double' Chances

AS is usual, I am putting up some suggestions for ante-post bettors for the Cesarewitch-Cambridgeshire "double." I must omit The Recorder, since his owner has announced that he is to meet an engagement in France; and we must await the result of that race before committing ourselves. Still, he is my first fancy for the "Cambridge," despite his weight.

For those who are keen to tempt Fate, I think they might do worse than interest themselves in the half-dozen horses whose names follow. They could be mixed up in win-and-place "doubles," as set out:

Blue Vision and Lord Bill.
Calvados and Parth for Ever.
Son of Mint and Racedale.

At Windsor this week-end I think that Bibi Tella and Wantalot will be there or thereabouts in their respective races.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 17, to Wednesday, September 23.

P D C X Z H J S M L T A N G Q K

V B R E F I U O Y W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

95 S M X O R 97 O would read GOYESCAS.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

Y970297H would read MASSAI.

"SILVER RING."

My smoke is as necessary to my daily existence as my meals. I like good food and I'm particular as to what I smoke and that's why I prefer Manikins. You, too, will get more comfort and pleasure out of smoking if you change over to Manikins.

The first cool, fragrant puffs — refreshing as a breath of mountain air — will convince you that there's only one way to know the joys of smoking —Smoke Manikins.

A packet on your way home —10d. buys 5—will be the best investment in smokes you've ever made.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

NUTTALL'S MINTOES 4d. PER QR
DELICIOUS SWEETS

Smokers buy a new

Imperial
OLD BRUYERE

and win a Cash Prize

FIRST PRIZE . . £20
30 PRIZES . . £1 EACH

£50 in Cash prizes—*All you have to do*—Buy a new IMPERIAL Old Bruyere—smoke it quietly—let it inspire "a winning last line" in this Imperial Limerick.

A pipe is the smoke for a man,
But get the best value you can,
An IMPERIAL Pipe,
Is the King of its type.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

1 Write your *last line* on a piece of paper bearing your name and address.

2 Give date of purchase of your new IMPERIAL Old Bruyere.

3 Give name and address of tobacconist from whom you bought it.

Remember it is a condition of entry that you have bought a new IMPERIAL Old Bruyere after September 1st, 1931. Post before October 9th to "Limerick, K," The Civic Co., Ltd., London, W.6.

Made and Guaranteed by
THE CIVIC COMPANY, LTD.
The largest Manufacturers of Pipes in the World.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

12 Ten-inch Double-sided RECORDS with each Machine
Brilliant Selections.

Full Approval. *Fine Value.*

Better value than ever. Graves Gramophones embody all the newest improvements, and consistently maintain that high standard of excellence for which they are famous.

TERMS: Send 5/- now, stating clearly whether you desire the Graves Portable Model, or the Graves Table Model, and complete purchase in 18 monthly payments of 5/-

GRAVES TABLE MODEL is of handsomely figured and polished Oak. Fitted with powerful Motor with reliable Worm Gear Drive. Newest improved type of reproducer. Price with 12 Double-sided Records £3.10

GRAVES PORTABLE Model covered leather cloth. Nickel-plated corners, smooth running Motor, 10-inch Turntable, Speed Regulator, Magnificent Sound Box, Receptacle for Records Complete with 12 Double-sided Records. Price £3.10

CATALOGUE POST FREE. Complete range of Model's—Table, Pedestal, & Portable. Bargain Prices. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

A SUPER conveyance for precious rubbish. This monster rotary refuse-collector carries away eighty-four loaded dustbins. It may soon be in general use in parts of London

The GOLDEN Dust-Bin

ROMANCE in rubbish! Gold in drabness! Such is the fact; a very remarkable tribute to the mind of man which has evolved machinery, contrived methods, and utilised resources hitherto unsuspected or considered in any degree of serious thought.

Some time ago—towards the end of last year—we drew attention to the potentialities abounding in every refuse-dump.

Since then, in a short space of time, wonderful strides have been made in what may be termed an evolution in the progress of economic study—for instance, the new playing-pitch of the Aston Villa Football Club and the riding-track at Manchester.

No "old-timer" would have believed that these could have been constructed from "refuse" which, a few years ago, would have been dumped as valueless. But it is so.

Simple—wonderful

How is it done? The process, though wonderful enough, is amazingly simple.

Suppose, for a minute or two, that you are standing in a modern "salvage factory" in an up-to-date city.

A fleet of lorries arrives with the refuse collected from the city's houses and business premises—lorries propelled by part of the refuse previously collected.

Each load is emptied into a hopper, from which it is automatically carried away on a moving band. As it passes beneath a forced draught, all its dust is sucked through a 6-in. tube and poured into tubs.

No one would describe that common contrivance as miraculous—yet through that tube may be passing a new park, a playing-field or bowling-green, or a fine road that presently will be flanked by pleasant houses.

For those tubs of dust are carried away by lorry, or even by direct overhead cable, to marshy land, where the dust is tipped and eventually makes a good foundation for the road-maker.

After it has thus been freed from dust, the refuse, carried on by the endless band, meets with giant electro-magnets, which extract with unfailing certainty every scrap of metal, and despatch these scraps in a clanking stream down a shoot.

Tossed in a revolving drum, the assortment of tins and old saucepans, rusty nails and gaspipes comes under the blind scrutiny of another battery of magnets.

Magnetic sleuths

You may, if you are lucky, see the extraction of scraps of silver that one day will become a spotless dinner-service.

If you are sceptical, you will learn that one Lord Mayor of Birmingham was presented with an umbrella, the handle of which was made from salvaged gold, and then, when the chief of Birmingham's salvage department required a pocket micrometer for measuring the thickness of metals and the gauge of wires salvaged, the magnets obligingly picked out the exact instrument for him.

Sometimes, too, war medals and lost jewels are found by these metallic detectives, and the London woman who recently dropped a valuable necklace into the dustbin would certainly have recovered it had the loss occurred in Birmingham.

Gramophone records, rags, paper, old false teeth—dozens of things which have special value are also deftly picked out and deposited in separate tubs, eventually to be sold for the benefit of the ratepayers. Edinburgh's sale of such material last year realised over £3,600, and the City of Birmingham saves £60,000 a year in this odd way.

The chemists who, by means of careful scientific experiments, decide whether the reclamation of a particular material is commercially advisable, have proved that it is not worth while to separate orange-peel for the sake of its oil. But banana-skin can be utilised, for it contains potash!

Finally, the miscellaneous "waste" that is left is conveyed to the furnaces to be converted into a new source of usefulness.

The sole fuel that raises steam for the dynamos, it thus provides the factory with lighting and heat, and even charges the accumulators which carry the electric dust-lorries round the city next day.

It was the slag from one of these furnaces, cast into paving-blocks, that supplied the new top for the Aston Villa ground, with a coating of dust as a grass-growing surface.

Other progressive boroughs, however, prefer the method of the "dust-destructor," which ought to be called "dust-creator," since it reduces all household refuse—with the exception of bones and tins—into a fine, dust-like clinker.

Waste is—power

This clinker, drawn off from the great furnaces by hydraulic pressure, passes along a conveyor that is busy day and night, is sifted through a screen into various grades, and enters a mixer from which it emerges as high-quality asphalt.

In the large London borough of Fulham, which has installed one of the biggest plants in the country, nearly all the roads are asphalted and the pavements built of slabs—almost impervious to the wear of heavy traffic—made in this way.

Not only has this plant a capacity of eighty-five tons of asphalt a day, but it also supplies the steam which runs an adjacent factory employing nearly a thousand people.

While old-fashioned and incompetent local councils are dumping refuse into huge mounds which disfigure the countryside and offer a noisome breeding-ground for disease-carrying insects, the more progressive municipalities are using it in a score of useful and money-making ways.

Housing estates, streets, motor-cars, fertilisers—even parts of ocean liners—are being conjured up from what the housewife discards.

Though we shall never be contributing to the prosperity of our town merely by filling our dustbins, it is at least clear that the cost of collecting household refuse can be substantially cut—providing our local authorities are awake.

Our present financial troubles may induce behind-the-times municipalities to save money and reduce the rates, not by curtailing works and social services, but by turning household refuse into treasure.

As in local affairs, so in business. It is already proposed to set up a central clearing-station for the disposal of waste products of all kinds.

Making smoke pay!

The various sorts of waste produced in the manufacture of woollens and textiles have long been utilised for cheap sheetings, yarn for knitting wools, cotton for cleaning machinery, grease, a form of dust suitable for treating the soil, and many other purposes; while chemists are seeking a use for the tons of fine Australian sand extracted each month in the Yorkshire mills in the process of wool-scouring.

Scientists, too, are deeply interested in the smoke belched out from the new Battersea power-station. It is thought that the 2,000 tons of coal consumed daily might yield some 7,000 tons of sulphur in a year.

It seems certain that the day is dawning when industrial "waste" will cease to exist.

Bigger Than Ever!

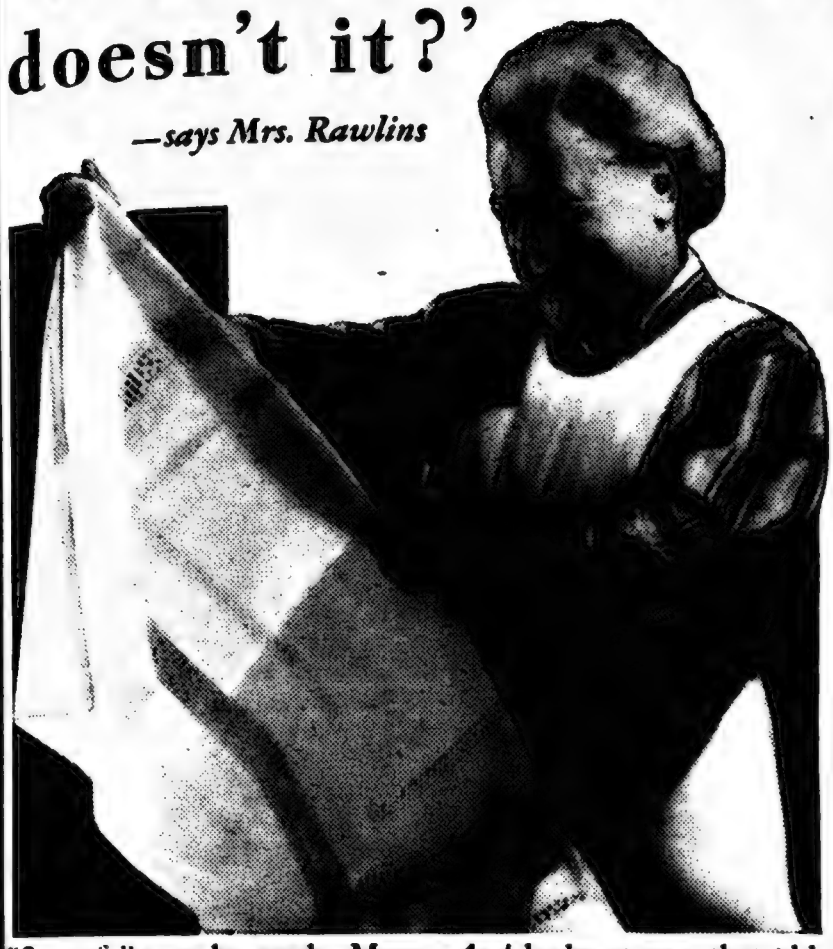
Bobby Bear's Annual is bigger than ever this year, and the children will revel in its 124 pages of tales and pictures.

There are also three competitions with cash prizes and lots of things to make and do.

Buy the kiddies a copy to-day, price 2s. 6d., or by post 3s. 3d., from Publishing Department, *Bobby Bear's Annual*, 29, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

'It just shows you, doesn't it?'

—says Mrs. Rawlins



"Some folks make work, Mum. *And* looks at you that old-fashioned if you give them advice. But not me, Mum! . . . I'm the first to say 'ow beholden I am to Reckitt's Blue! The things come out so cheerful after a rinse in Reckitt's Blue and with a white that fair dazzles you! And then Robin Starch, Mum! I don't 'ave to iron by penny numbers with Robin . . . my iron doesn't stick—and look at the finish I get! A lot of praise I've won with those two, Mum!"

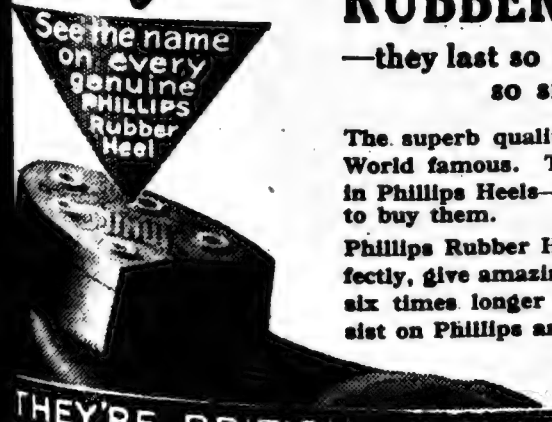
Reckitt's Blue *and* ROBIN *Starch*

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON

PHILLIPS RUBBER HEELS

Say

—they last so long and keep so smart.



The superb quality has made them World famous. There's extra wear in Phillips Heels—that's why it pays to buy them.

Phillips Rubber Heels fit shoes perfectly, give amazing comfort and last six times longer than leather. Insist on Phillips and enjoy walking.

THEY'RE BRITISH—& MILES BETTER!

FYFFES

always a bargain

Your fruiterer now has Fyffes for sale cheaper than ever they've been since the war. Take advantage of this new economy. Look for the Blue Label and *say* Fyffes, they're

NOW CHEAPER STILL

BLUE LABEL FYFFES BRAND

BANANAS

The Greatest Radio Triumph of the year!

A FULLY GUARANTEED 2-VALVE WIRELESS SET

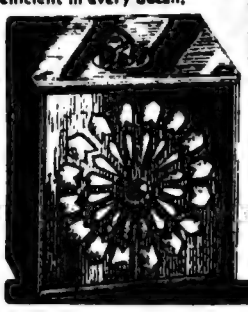
ENTIRELY SELF-CONTAINED except Aerial and Earth wires

PRICE ONLY 79/6

or 12 monthly payments of 7/6

* At our factory, under tests, this remarkable set actually received over 20 stations at Loud-Speaker strength.

When we tell you—as pioneers of the wireless world for over 50 years that this set is the best ever, you can believe us! The 'Gamage' compact 2-valve set is absolutely the very latest thing in construction, and is amazing in its volume and purity of tone. Thoroughly efficient in every detail.



SPECIFICATION

Receiver in polished Oak Cabinet, fitted with adjustable Cone Speaker.
Marconi - Osram Valves.
H.T. Battery.
Grid Battery and Accumulator.
Guaranteed for 12 months.

3-Valve Set £5-10-0 or 12 monthly payments of 10/-

Send 1st Payment to secure delivery NOW or ask for our new Radio Catalog giving particulars of other sets all carriage paid

GAMAGES, HOLBORN, E.C.1 and 107 Church Rd., E.C.

Why suffer with Indigestion?

THOUSANDS of indigestion sufferers do not realise that their trouble can be banished by neutralising the excess stomach acid which causes most digestive disorders. To do this they only need to take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after meals or when pain is felt. Not only does 'Bisurated' Magnesia instantly relieve discomfort but it soothes the acid-inflamed stomach lining. Doctors the world over recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia—there is no quicker or surer remedy for indigestion.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

prescribed for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN and ACIDITY.

Powder — 1/3 — Tablets

THE GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE

Price complete & Carriage Paid £3:0:0

TERMS: 5/- with Order and 5/- Monthly. Fullest Approval

Two super quality white All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped edges 68 x 85ins., weight 7½lbs.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, Whipped Edges, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheet 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Alhambra Hemmed Quilt, Size 72 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 51 x 54ins.
Two pure White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins

IMPORTANT. As an extra advantage, we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service: 4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, & 4 Tea Spoons all of 'Columbian' Silver which wears white all through.

30 years character for honourable trading. Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

The New TRUTH MACHINE

JUST how completely the talkies have established themselves, not only in the world's kinemas, but also in the everyday life of ordinary folk, is emphasised by the report from Sydney, Australia, that a sound film is to be the chief witness in a lawsuit there.

The complainant is Miss Evelyn Hone, who, to prove that her neighbour is noisy beyond human endurance, had a sound film of the banging, the whistling, the talking and other noises which annoyed her.

It is the first time Australia has permitted such a record as a witness. Thus she comes into line with France and America, where uses for the talkies outside the kinema have long been vigorously exploited.

America, ever eager to try anything new, has gone far in using the talkies as an aid to the police war on crime.

Talkies have been shown in an Illinois court to convince judge and jury that the confession of an alleged murderer was made voluntarily and without the aid of third degree.

This method was adopted because too many cases collapsed when the accused man retracted his confession as soon as he got on the witness-stand.

POLICE authorities in America are enthusiastic about the new method. In more than one town talkie apparatus has been installed at headquarters.

Generally it is installed so that it cannot be seen or heard by the interrogated person. There is no question of screen or "mike" fright.

During the recent police war on gangsters in New York which followed the killing of innocent children by an underworld "execution squad," an Irish policeman was so badly hurt that his life was despaired of.

As he lay in the hospital ward a talking film was made recording the statement of the dying man. If ever the guilty men are brought to book, they will find it hard to raise the cry of "Framed!" when the court listens to that grim talkie record.

Our own police, while quick to appreciate the possibilities of the talkies with regard to crime detection, have not as yet adopted the method because of the difficulty of getting such evidence admitted in a court of law.

Nevertheless, sound films have been used as witnesses in English courts, although they remained mute. Not so long ago, in a town near London, certain residents complained of the noise of a jazz-band in a local hotel.

The proprietor retorted by having a sound film made of the traffic in the street outside the hotel—noise which, according to the law, "might be expected to be there."

THE prints from the film were shown to the jury and proved conclusively that the noise of the traffic was far in excess of the noise of the jazz-band.

Had the court permitted it, the jury could have listened to the sound film itself. When that time comes it will be useless for any judge to point out that "this court is not a theatre." For a theatre it will be!

The time is not far distant when police officers hurrying to the scene of a crime will take their talkie camera with them as naturally as at present they take finger-print apparatus and other crime-investigation gadgets.

In the course of interrogations use of a talkie camera would afford valuable protection both to the police officers and to the interrogated person.

With the sound camera recording not only question and answer, but also filming the "actors," a third and impartial party is present by whose evidence both sides must abide.

By no one more than the medical profession was the advent of the talkie welcomed. In many of our hospitals to-day sound films of important operations have been made for the instruction of students and others.

In the Lying-in Hospital at Charlottenburg, Germany, every new-born babe has his first ten minutes of life recorded by a motion-picture sound camera.

QUITE a number of the mothers have asked for a copy of the sound film to treasure, just as they do the first snaps of baby.

If the talkie habit spreads to the schoolroom—as is more than likely—education will become very popular with the youngsters.

There may be no need for the physical presence of the teacher. All that need be done is to screen in the schoolroom a talkie of the teacher going through the lesson.

From the moment the talkies swept the silent film from the kinema there were those who quickly sensed the possibility of introducing them to everyday life.

Talkies of the baby from the "gurgle" stage up

Now we are soon to have fireside talkies which will make it possible for anyone who can handle an ordinary camera to make his own sound films when and where he likes.

The cost will be such as to put it in immediate reach of many people. If you already possess a cine-camera, the extra sound-recording apparatus involves an additional outlay of £7 or £8 at the most. The whole outfit should cost no more than £25.

Parisians are already making use of them. It has become quite the thing for a party dining at a restaurant to make its own sound film of the evening's fun.

TO send a sound record of one's voice to a friend is great fun. Soon you can be going one better by sending the complete sound film of yourself chatting to your distant friend.

The film itself should cost no more than 2s. 6d. and the record about sixpence. Just tuck it into an envelope and send it like an ordinary letter.

Soon, instead of the proud parent displaying his snaps of the baby, he can invite his pals home to see a talkie of the nipper.

Any woman could tell you lots of things she might do if she could make her own talkies at home.

For instance, she may be fully aware that she has lots of little mannerisms of speech, of walk and dress which annoy her friends, but which she is unable to correct because she cannot see herself quite as others see her.

It would help a lot if she could make a sound film of herself with no one around to embarrass her. All she need do is to start the apparatus, then move "up stage" in her own drawing-room and "shoot" herself.

AFTERWARDS she can screen the talkie as often as she likes, and see just what it is her friends do not like about her.

She should be able to do the same thing with a new dress. With the sound camera at work, and no one around to cramp her style or induce "mike" fright, she can turn and pirouette, meanwhile keeping up a running comment on herself and the dress.

We might even take a leaf out of the Sydney woman's book. If the woman next door gets saucy, why not make your own sound film to "produce in evidence."

Or, if the neighbour's dog is one of the objectionable sort, it would be useful to take a sound film of him barking his hate.

And, when the owner declares that the little darling wouldn't hurt anyone, invite him indoors to see a talkie of "the little darling."

HURRY FOR £5,000!

Would you like £5,000? This is the gigantic opportunity open to every reader of JOHN BULL who enters for the Favourite Features Scheme in the *Daily Herald*. There is nothing to pay. The *Daily Herald* is the fastest growing paper to-day. What is the secret of its success?

The Editor is offering an award of £5,000 for a simple opinion. The final entry form for this Scheme appears in the *Daily Herald* on Saturday, October 3; get your copy of the *Daily Herald* to-day.

To correct
a grave mistake in skin care
over 20,000 beauty experts urge you to use this soap of olive and palm oils

THERE was a time when women believed that they should not use soap on the face. . . Then came Palmolive, with its safe, soothing olive-and-palm oil content. Women by the millions learned the way to new complexion beauty. They discovered that this soap was *safe*. That it emphasised natural loveliness.

Now beauty specialists—more than 20,000 of them—say: Use soap. *But* be *sure* it is Palmolive.

Ordinary soaps may do great harm

Let no one convince you that just ordinary soaps " claiming to be for the complexion " will bring Palmolive results. That is wrong. Palmolive schoolgirl complexions come *only* from Palmolive.

Palmolive is *pure*. It is made exclusively of vegetable oils—it contains no animal fats of any kind. It is made of the oils of olive and palm used successfully for generations as beautifiers.

Its green colour is the green that nature put into the vegetable oils of which Palmolive is made, no artificial colouring whatsoever. Its perfume is mild. There is no need for heavy odours to cover up the *fresh* olive and palm fragrance.

Do not let its simplicity and low price keep you from retaining a youthful, naturally lovely skin.

4½d PER TABLET

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

SLEEPLESSNESS
brings weariness & depression

WHY YOU YAWN.
YAWNING, like sneezing, is one of Nature's safety measures. During Insomnia, yawning betrays your weakness. It means that your breathing is feeble—your blood is not getting enough oxygen.
POOR BLOOD
MEANS SLEEPLESSNESS

JUST as each night you take necessary steps to ensure the security of your house, so should you prepare your body for sound and perfect repose. It is an elementary rule that heavy meals should be avoided last thing. It is equally important that you should not be *overtired* physically. If you feel that you have drawn too much on your fund of strength during the day, take a glass of Hall's Wine with a biscuit or two before retiring. The restorative quality of this excellent tonic wine will invigorate your weak blood. It will strengthen your system, soothe your nerves and aid your digestion.

While you sleep your blood works overtime repairing your wasted tissues. Blood that is enfeebled by strain or illness cannot effectively perform this vital task for you. Hall's Wine not only enriches your blood and sends you to bed comfortably disposed for healthy sleep—it helps you to rise in the morning with a new energy and cheerfulness.

★ *Send a postcard to-day for particulars of a very* SPECIAL OFFER *for a short period only, to purchasers of Hall's Wine.*

Stephen Smith & Co Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

HALL'S WINE
ENRICHES THE BLOOD

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers & Chemists

LARGE BOTTLE 5/6 SMALLER SIZE 3/3

Wifie was entranced!

to see her " other half " so spick and span—regretful that such fine cut and cheery design should be restricted to bedrooms and bathrooms. Happily (and inexpensively) " TREMOLA " Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas do you equal credit in the world at large. You will admire their appearance, and be gratified by their enduring smoothness and smartness.

"Tremola" (REGD) A Women's FABRIC.

SHIRTS COLLARS & PYJAMAS

See Tab in every Garment. None Genuine without.

Write (Dept. 154), 29, Watling Street, London, E.C.4, if any difficulty in obtaining.

Ask your Hosier or Outfitter to show you "TREMOLA" SHIRTS, COLLARS and PYJAMAS for present-day wear.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF "Tricoline" THE EQUAL TO SILK.

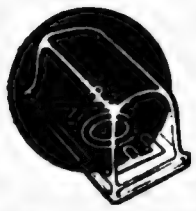
THE "Heritage" POLICY
PROVIDES

At death within 20 years—£100 in cash *and* a guaranteed payment of **£3** per week payable quarterly for the remainder of the 20 years, *then* **£900** in cash at the end of the 20 years.

At death AFTER 20 years—£1,000 *immediately*

Write for full particulars to THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

CHIEF OFFICE: HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1.



One of the many reasons why Fox's Glacier Mints are regarded as a delightful necessity by men and women everywhere is their unique digestive qualities.

THEY SOOTHE—THEY COMFORT—THEY REFRESH

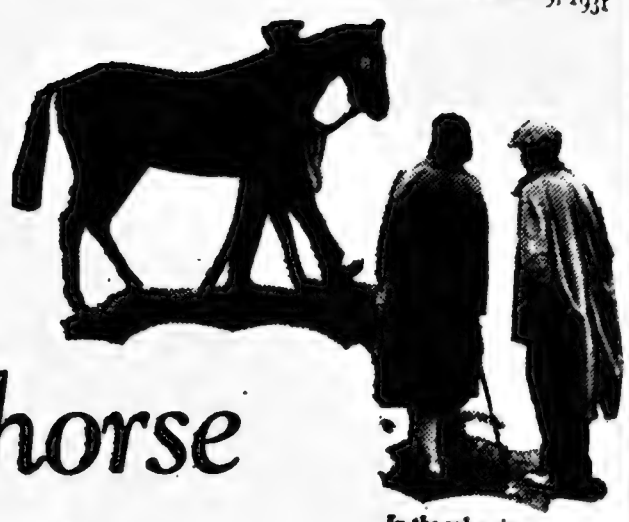
If you want to hear a chorus of compliments and praise

HAND ROUND

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

THE FINEST PEPPERMINT IN THE WORLD

OWN YOUR OWN *Racehorse*



In the sales ring: an owner-to-be sizes up a horse that may carry her colours

Bidding for a selling plater at Epsom

IN this democratic age, racing—the sport of kings—is no longer the rich man's monopoly: it has become the thrilling hobby of an ever-increasing number of ordinary, reasonably prosperous folk.

To-day there are six times as many owners as there were twenty-five years ago, and a great many of them own only one horse, or, perhaps, no more than a half-share in one.

Any man or woman who can afford to set aside about £400 a year for this purpose can own and run a horse nowadays. This can be done even when the luck is dead out and not a penny is won in stakes.

And it may be, of course, that the one-horse owner will buy a real "smasher" in its particular class and actually race at a profit.

Naturally the one-horse owner goes into the great racing game chiefly for the thrill of it. He, or she, should expect the venture to cost money and should not grudge the cost. There are to-day some five hundred men and women who are racing owners in this sense.

Apart from the question of expenses, there are no serious difficulties. For a small fee anyone may register his racing colours at Weatherby's as simply as he takes out a car-licence.

This can be done before, or after, buying the horse. Unless the new owner-recruit is a real judge of horse-flesh, he would be wiser to get his prospective trainer to buy his horse for him.

£8-a-week horses

But there is nothing to prevent anyone from making a direct bid in the sales ring at any of the principal racecourses for any selling plater that comes under the hammer.

Some trainers will take a horse—that is, feed, train and groom it—for as little as £3 a week, but the cost in many stables is nearer £5 a week.

A prospective owner need not be shy of approaching likely trainers. Most of them are delighted to do business with a small owner. In one racing stable last season there were thirty horses, but the trainer was training for no fewer than twenty different owners.

There are naturally other expenses incidental to racing—travelling the horse to meetings, entrance money, jockeys' fees and a few other sundries.

But there is no reason whatever why any owner with a single horse—provided it is raced on prudent lines and kept to its class—should exceed the total annual outlay of £400 already mentioned.

It would not be wise to fix any limit to the price which the new owner may pay for his one horse. To use the old phrase: "You pays your money and you takes your choice." Probably, however, the average price paid by existing one-horse owners would not be above £300.

—or hire one

Even in this direction expenses can be cut. There is no necessity for any initial outlay in purchase. Plenty of breeders are only too willing to lease horses for their racing careers, often being content to accept a share of the winnings in full payment.

There are hundreds of leased horses in training, and this form of ownership is by no means confined to the smaller men. Minoru, who won the Derby for King Edward, was a leased horse.

Although it would be folly for anyone to become an owner without being prepared to pay for his sport, the annals of the Turf are rich in records of successful one-horse owners.

A few years ago, for instance, the late Mr. Ben Irish, a farmer who afterwards won a Derby with Papyrus, had only one horse, an animal named Periosteum.

That horse began his winning career with a £100 stake, but he afterwards developed into the greatest stayer of his day, and his successes actually included an Ascot Gold Cup.

Some part of the thousands of pounds which Periosteum won for Mr. Irish were expended on the purchase of Papyrus as a yearling, and, even when Papyrus won the Derby, Mr. Irish had only one other horse in training.

Then, take the case of Mr. Charlie Howard, the Chichester butcher. He sent his only mare, Chatham II, to a cheap stallion, Rocksavage, having the idea that this pair would breed him a winner.

The result was Priory Park, which, on his first and only appearance as a two-year-old, simply ran away from some of the best youngsters in the country. Priory Park was then Mr. Howard's only horse.

Mr. Jack Joel ultimately gave £5,000 for him, and he won the Lincolnshire, City and Suburban, and Royal Hunt Cup, carrying a big weight each time.

The tote's a sphinx!

The South African Derby was once won by a miner owner, and in Australia many a big race has gone to one-horse owners who earned their living with their hands.

Curiously enough, while the small owners are becoming more numerous every year, many of the better-known and bigger owners are either dropping out of racing or retrenching. This means that trainers are being obliged to cater specially for one-horse clients.

The advent of the totalisator has also encouraged the one-horse owner, who is now able to invest his few pounds without everybody else knowing all about it.

When he had to bet in the ring the word was passed round immediately, and, even if his horse were an outsider, he could only get the fixed outside price of "ten to one others" or whatever it might be.

Now, when the small owner bets on the "tote," there is no fixed limit to the price he may obtain if his horse should win.

One judiciously backed success even in a small race might very easily pay the one-horse owner's expenses for the whole year. It might, indeed, show a handsome profit.

And the chances are at least three in ten of winning one race in the year. That is about the average of successful animals in any given season.

It remains for the racecourse executives to face the changing conditions of racing in the same way that the trainers are doing.

They must begin to look more and more towards the small owners now that the supply of immensely wealthy sportsmen is falling off.

Loosen the reins!

To this end certain reforms are urgently needed. Prices must come down and stakes go up. Entrance-fees are on the whole too high, and in many cases owners contribute more to the stakes than the racecourse company concerned.

In short, some racecourse executives are far too greedy, despite the fact that a maximum dividend is fixed by the Jockey Club.

A broader and more generous policy will have to be adopted to encourage the small owners.

Then, though we may lament the passing of some of the great figures of the Turf, there can be little doubt that racing itself will be strengthened and the sport of kings will become still more truly the sport of the people.

"Silver Ring's" Racing Notes appear on page 21

Try This New Recipe For Your Skin

Amazing clinical tests with biocel (obtained from young animals) have been made by Prof. Dr. Stejskal, of the University of Vienna. On women from 55 to 72 years of age, wrinkles completely disappeared in six weeks. (See full report in Vienna Medical Journal.) Flabby sagging facial muscles become fresh and firm; faded complexions are quickly rejuvenated. Women of 50 may now look 30 with skin and complexion that might well be the envy of many a young girl. By supplying your skin with this precious youth restoring biocel, Crème Tokalon Skinfood, Rose Colour, nourishes it while you sleep. Apply at night.

In the morning, use Crème Tokalon White Colour (non-greasy)—it banishes enlarged pores, blackheads and whitens the skin. 3 shades in 3 days. Rose 1/3 and 2/-. White 1/- and 1/6.

FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a De-luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon Skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

Beauty in every Gesture!

Your Hands need this minute-a-day care

MYSTERY and romance in soft, white hands — even more than your eyes, your hands reveal the personality that is yours.

Keep your hands always lovely by using "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly *regularly*. Rub a little well into the skin one minute every night. It restores softness, repairing all the ravages of hard water.

Give your hands this simple care! Buy a jar of "Vaseline" Jelly today at your nearest chemist or store. Two kinds, yellow and white, in jars, tins and tubes.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., Willesden, London, N.W.10.

The average woman washes her hands six times a day. Regular care with "Vaseline" Jelly avoids dryness due to hard water and soap.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

2512

A new kind of Rinso

to work for you on wash-day Creamier lather easier wash brighter finish

BIGGER PACKET—SAME PRICE

IT dissolves in a second — and the lather is the richest, creamiest, most abundant that ever you saw. This lather does a wonderful amount of work — saves your labour no matter how you do your washing.

Soak your fine things, colours and woollens — the frothy lather coaxes out all the dirt and cannot harm a thread or dim a colour. And for boiling you'll know these rich suds are just the safest thing — they get clothes spotless, just like new!

You get more for your money, too! A bigger packet of better Rinso *costs no more*. This new Rinso is just what thousands of women have wanted — a real worker that will do all the washing.

tried in advance by actual home tests

HUNDREDS OF WOMEN HELPED US

MRS. SMITH, *(left)* Victoria, S.W.1, says: "Ten minutes soaking in the new Rinso and a rinse through two waters got my fine things perfectly clean and fresh — and colours undimmed. Such marvellous suds —you can see Rinso getting out the dirt!

MRS. ANNIE NYE, *(right)* Battersea, S.W., says: "I tried the new Rinso for this week's washing and I'm more than pleased. I soaked the heavy things before breakfast and they were ready to pop into the soapy Rinso water in the copper. It's the rich suds that draw the dirt out without harm to the clothes."

Take advantage of it next wash-day

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THE RAT PERIL

The peril of the rat need threaten you no longer. Banish it quickly and cleanly with Liverpool Virus—give your food and health sure protection. Harmless to human beings and domestic animals.

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Drives rats and mice outdoors to die—They dry up. No smell.

Of all chemists. Mice 1/6 & 2/6. Rats 2/6 & 6/- Evans Sons Lescher & Webb Ltd., 56, Hanover Street, Liverpool.

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ONLY 35/- for EIGHT BLANKETS—an absolutely unheard-of price. Guaranteed perfect in quality, heavy-weight Imperial Blankets, bordered, and whipped edges. Will wear a lifetime.

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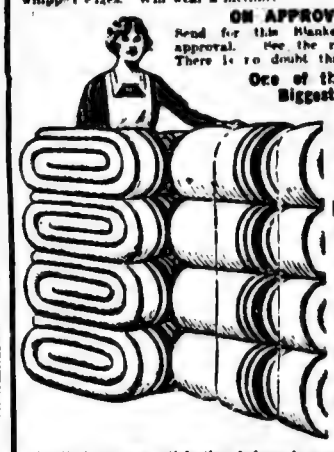

Send for this Blanket Sale on approval. See the rich quality. There is no doubt that this is One of the World's Biggest Bargains.

The Whole Bale of 8 Blankets sent on receipt of the first Deposit of 2/-.

An Unequalled Offer.

If entirely to your satisfaction, balance is payable 2/6 fortnightly until 37/6 is paid. Full cash within 7 days 35/- only.

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Has New Hair

Kotalko Did It!

"I was almost bald," writes Miss Annie Thompson.

"I tried all kinds of treatments, but the falling of my hair continued.

"At last I was advised to try Kotalko, and to my great joy discovered that I had finally found the right thing. The new hair growth developed and strengthened.

"It has been maintained in length and quantity, as you will see by my photograph. My hair is all that can be desired.

"I cannot praise Kotalko sufficiently, for it has really worked wonders in my case."

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

Test Box If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (83 T.E.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Sticking PINS into the COUNTER JUMPER

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. "HUMANIST" will deal with your difficulty through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

I AM what is known as a "counter jumper." I serve women customers from behind the goods counter in a fancy department of a big stores.

I was brought up at home with certain ideals, and one of these was a fixed determination always to "love thy neighbour as thyself."

Now, when the neighbour is a woman intent upon enjoying a day's shopping, I am often hard put to it to obey.

A typical shopper is the one who approaches you with a winning smile just as you are hoping to clear up for the day after frenzied hours of trying to please exacting customers.

What you long for is rest; what she wants is to look at some toy wheelbarrows. You lift down one, the last, from a high shelf, only to have her turn away when she hears the price.

She will leave the barrows at present; please show her some beads. You show her beads, box after box. She turns them over discontentedly and finally upsets one. Then she fades away whilst you are scrambling after the wreckage.

THE "just-a-moment" woman is even worse. She slides forward from behind two or three customers waiting to be served, outrageously out of her turn, and says, "Oh, just a moment. I wanted to know if you have any photo-frames, as it's no good my wasting time waiting if you haven't."

You nod and say, "In a moment, madam."

"I'll just take this one . . . or no . . . that one, perhaps," and lest she should finally slip it into her bag without paying you find yourself meekly serving her, but horribly conscious of the infuriated glares of the women whose places she has usurped.

There are confiding women who waste time by giving you personal details of their family lives, and those typified by the dear old soul who couldn't buy a pipe to send to a son in Canada until she had told me all his history.

Christmas will be coming soon, and meanwhile many shoppers are already preparing for it; but why in all the rush and tumble, the wondering what to buy for aunts, cousins and mother-in-laws, do so few think of the man behind the counter?

Is it possible, think you, "Humanist," for a "counter jumper," tried to the limit, to "love his neighbour as himself"?

"HUMANIST" says: My sympathies are always with the men and women who make shopping an agreeable pastime rather than a penance for those who must make their money go as far as possible. With few exceptions, shop-assistants are an obliging and helpful race.

That customers are often trying may be admitted; but even this may be overcome by a sense of humour. If you see the funny side of your customers' foibles it will help you through better than indulging in irritation at their whims.

"The Greatest of These"—Fund

Under the Beam

George

WHAT cries of indignation would arise if London's slums were floodlighted instead of her beautiful buildings! A little floodlighting, for instance, on George's home would reveal a dingy little house in a littered side street, noisy with the cries of many children, a dark, dilapidated interior, the plaster falling from the ceiling over the narrow stairs.

The two rooms occupied by George's parents are in sad need of repair; so is their furniture.

And here is a flashlight on their history: George's father enlisted at the age of sixteen. He was then strong and healthy enough to pass for nineteen. His troubles began when he and others of his regiment in training at Aldershot suffered from ptomaine poisoning.

"Since the war," he says, "I have suffered from so many things on top of one another, I don't think they really know what to do for me."

One of the things they did for him in 1919 was to knock off his pension of 8s. 3d. a week.

Yet, due to his war services, he has been treated for duodenal ulcer; has been operated upon for a large abscess on the lung; has been in hospital five times, and is now waiting to be re-admitted for gastritis and debility.

His wife is delicate, and his eldest boy, aged fourteen, has for over a year suffered tortures with abscesses breaking out all over his body. At present he lies in hospital.

George, aged twelve, has been operated on for mastoid, and is still under hospital treatment, and a little sister suffers from fits.

Their rent is 12s. a week, but an extra shilling is demanded for arrears.

Because George's father is now in desperate need, we ask our readers to floodlight his home with joy by sending donations to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Where names and addresses are given, acknowledgments will be sent by post.

HE FIDDLED

for a fiddle

A PROFESSIONAL musician who has been knocked out by the talkies, last summer I joined up with two or three other single men and went "busking," and we did rather well at seaside resorts.

Later on a young married man joined us, a rather charming fellow. I took to him at once, and invited him to share my digs.

I was to find out that his charming exterior covered a most treacherous disposition.

Thus, after winning my confidence, this man repeated to the conductor of the orchestra a remark I had made against him, which led to my dismissal.

After various ups-and-downs in other parts of the country, I again ran across the man just as the winter season was commencing.

He came to me in deep distress. He said he never dreamed that his indiscretion would have had such serious results, and apologised.

He then disclosed the fact that since we played together he had experienced nothing but a series of reverses. His wife had been ill and he had fallen into debt.

He now, however, had the chance of a promising engagement, but could not take it because his violin was among the things he had been compelled to sell.

I loaned him a really valuable instrument in order that he might have his chance to make good again.

I did not do so well. In spite of every effort I could find no indoor engagement. Everywhere I tried, canned music held the field.

I doubt if even starvation could have parted me from my favourite fiddle, but when want stared me in the face I couldn't help remembering the valuable one I had loaned, and I wrote asking for its return.

No reply was received to this letter, nor to a second and third. At last I heard of the man fulfilling an engagement in a town two miles away, and I managed to get there to see him.

Taken unawares, he confessed that he had pawned my violin and bought a cheaper one. He cannot redeem my property. His wife is still ill and he has children dependent upon him.

I am single, but out of work and badly in need of money. Can I get it at this cost?

"HUMANIST" says: The man has broken the law, and would, if you care to prosecute, have to pay the penalty.

But, as you realise that the innocent would suffer if he lost his job, try to arrange otherwise.

Induce him to repay you week by week, meanwhile giving you the pawn-ticket in order that you yourself may redeem the instrument at the earliest possible moment.

FAMILY FEUD

against a lover

SINCE my father's death three years ago, I have lived at home with my mother. She is not at all dependent upon my services, for the house, a nice little modern villa on the outskirts of a manufacturing town, is her own, and she has an annuity to live upon.

Neither am I dependent upon her, for I earn my own living as a visiting drawing-mistress and pay my own share of expenses.

I have a brother who lives a short distance away. He has a wife and three children. One sister is a resident teacher in a boarding-school, and two other sisters are married, with families of their own.

Quite naturally, I have a healthy wish to set up my own home, and when one of the masters at the school where I have my chief hours of work asked me to become engaged to him, I consented.

The trouble is that mother has taken a violent dislike to my fiancé.

But the worst is the quiet, insidious, but quite definite and determined efforts that are going on underneath to undermine my prospects of happiness. I and my lover are the subject of constant discussions in the family, all behind our backs, of course.

All this is making me wonder whether after all I am wise to go on with my engagement. Do not misunderstand. I am deeply in love, and I have no reason to suspect that I am not as well beloved in return.

But we have always been a very united family, and it is dreadful to think that if I marry there must be a breach.

Yet there is nothing against my lover's character. He is respected in his profession and likely to rise.

"HUMANIST" says: You are worrying over effects instead of searching for the cause. As the one unmarried member of the family, you are good company for your mother, which more than sufficiently explains her dislike to the idea of your marriage.

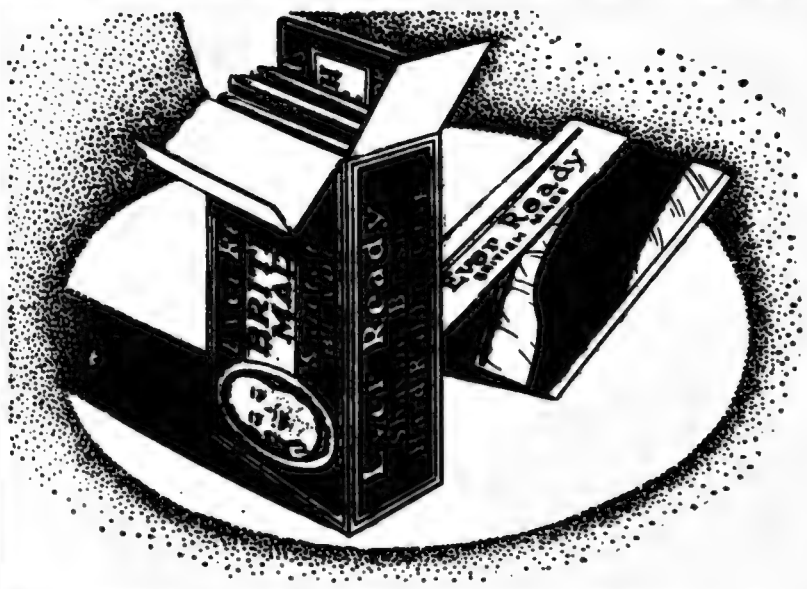
Also, so long as you remain single you are the one most at liberty to look after your mother should she become enfeebled or fall ill. Thus selfishness is at the root of your family's disagreeable attitude. Ignore it and marry.

Don't be jockeyed into a joyless future, but show that responsibilities must be shared and that you mean to forge ahead with your preparations.

Billy Bennett says:-

"I'm quite a gentleman when smoking

BONDMAN"



There's no comparison!

No matter what blades you are now using, get a packet of Ever-Ready and try one to-morrow morning. Your shave will be so clean, so comfortable, and so quick, that you'll always insist on

Ever-Ready Blades 5 for 1/8

at all dealers.

Meet at the Ever-Ready Corner—Piccadilly Circus

THE SHARPEST BLADE IN THE WORLD

C.F.H. 62

"The Slickest Shave ever!"

"Yes . . . I caught the early train this morning . . . by the hair of my beard. Quite true! I've found a way to save minutes on shaving. Gibbs Shaving Cream! Slick! . . . Mountains of lather before you can say 'knife.' Clean chin first time of asking. Face feels good too!"

Winter or summer, Gibbs Shaving Cream never varies from its soft, creamy consistency. It multiplies itself 200 times in heavy bubbly lather that instantly prepares the beard for easy shaving.

And there is Cold Cream in Gibbs that leaves the skin delightfully soothed and refreshed.

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GS 80

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Pure and delicately medicated, **Cuticura Talcum Powder** is ideal for daily use. Just a shake or two, and this fragrant, antiseptic powder gives that finishing touch to your toilet! It absorbs excessive perspiration, and cools the skin.

Talcum 1s. 3d. Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

RACING

YOU want to have "a little flutter" on a race. You do not bet regularly? Where will you send your commission? Perhaps you will give it to a friend, who may forget it until he hears that your horse has won. Or you may not trouble at all because you do not wish anyone to know that you ever have a bet.

Do not miss your thrill. If you place your commissions with us, they will be as private as they are safe.

We accept commissions from 1/- up to any amount, and pay winnings by return of post. Long odds on future events—price list post free.

FOOTBALL

PICKING winners of football matches is one of the most popular and fascinating hobbies to-day, and some handsome prizes are to be picked up.

Our "Challenger" Long Odds Totalisator and Fixed Price Coupons are the fairest of all. Nothing is barred. Nothing is Starred in the six Divisions. You pick where you like, and you can invest any amount from 1/-.

Beware of unsolicited circulars giving extravagant odds and remember that "The 'Big Two' are as safe as the Bank." That was stated in "John Bull." Full particulars on application.

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Put down your Cigarette

and see how it burns itself away. Soon nothing will be left except the ash. From *such* cigarettes you get only half-value and hot smokes that harm your throat.

Roll your own cigarettes in the chemical free A.G. paper. Light up and notice the difference, especially the coolness. See how slowly they burn, and they cost you less too, *much less*, when you use

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Bladder Irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth "Bladder comfort," No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: **Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from
Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited,
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Boots, Taylors, and all chemists stock or obtain.

The Wireless Improvement I Want

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

THE wireless improvement which everyone would like to see is one to completely cut out "atmospherics."

Whilst "atmospherics" are a great nuisance to those at home listening to the news bulletin, etc., think what they mean to the operator at sea, striving to get his messages through to another ship or to a land station.

The inventor of such an improvement would be a real benefactor to every listener, including one who has sampled wireless life ashore and afloat.—*S. Trowell, Surrey.*

Public Centre

I should like to see installed in every town and village in the British Isles a public listening centre, where anyone could, on payment of a small fee, hear the broadcast programmes.

Better still, if the scheme were taken up by the local authorities, every public free library in the kingdom could, in addition to the usual reading-room, have a public listening-room.

Thus many poor people who are unable to afford a wireless set would not be denied the educational and recreative benefits which wireless has to offer.—*W. T., Pontefract.*

For the Chancellor

The improvement I should like to see is a fairer system of taxation.

Is it right that the business man who uses his strong valve set to entertain his friends should pay only the same tax as the poor working-man with his crystal set and earphones?

I suggest that sets be taxed according to their strength, and any additional revenue so derived might well go towards the gigantic task of balancing the Budget.—*J. Lake, Birmingham.*

Down the Pole!

I think it high time that ugly outdoor aerials should be discarded for indoor ones.

What looks more untidy than a pole projecting high above everything else, causing disfigurement to the surrounding beauty, and often held together with rope?

Our American cousins jeer at these unsightly things. They think nothing of six- and seven-valve sets, but always indoor aerials.

We have one of the finest broadcasting stations in the world. Surely with valves much cheaper we can modernise our receivers.—*John Gwinnett, Staffs.*

Full Asylums

Nothing could improve the worst of modern inflictions, wireless. Total abolition is the only way out.

People may claim that it saves many lives with its S O S's. I grant that freely; but is it of any benefit to anyone to save their lives by wireless only to take away their reason by the same means? Loudspeakers will in time drive us all insane.

The human loudspeaker you can walk away from or shoot; but your neighbour's tireless loudspeaker is with you always, and to destroy it, or your neighbour, is considered bad form and even against the law.—*H. Franks, Sussex.*

Meter Critic

Wireless has ceased to be a novelty, and it is time that every house was supplied with a loudspeaker, operated by a slot-meter as in the case of gas.

Then thousands of people would be enabled to read the programmes before they paid, and the B.B.C. would receive real criticism—the cash results.—*A. C. Johnson, Leicester.*

Sombre Fare

I want earlier wireless programmes. In America broadcasting begins quite early in the morning; here (except for a Church service and a time-signal) the wireless is dead until noon. Why?

On Sundays the position is even worse. The programmes do not begin until 3 p.m., with a blank between 6 p.m. and 8 p.m.

Why not lunch-hour music on Sundays? And what about filling in the evening interval with something a little brighter than the mid-Victorian fare usually inflicted on Sunday listeners?—*Listener, Tottenham, N.*

Trying Audiences

Do away with those private audiences whose laughter and applause follow the items to which we are listening.

So anxious are these people to let us know they are there that frequently we hear them before we have taken in the song, story or whatever may be broadcast.

We don't want to hear things applauded; we can do that for ourselves if we think it is deserved.

And the laughter! Are we so dense that we do not appreciate the humour which this audience evidently sees, or does it applaud from sheer force of habit?—*E. M., Newport.*

Blotted Out

My wireless set is not a very powerful one, but up to a few months ago it gave satisfactory results to both myself and family.

Now my neighbour has acquired a set of tremendous volume, and when he tunes in or changes over, which is very frequently, I have to tune out, as the noise is terrible.

The wireless invention I am looking for is a device that will effectively eradicate all oscillation and bring us a little peace once again.—*E. R., Hants.*

For a Fiver

The wireless improvement I want is a really selective set of not more than two valves.

It must be complete in itself and economical, be made by British labour, and certainly cost not more than £5.

Surely this is possible in these days of high-powered stations and mass production.—*G. Pickering, Manchester.*

A Shot

The improvement I want is the restoration of the "Soccer" broadcasts to the Saturday afternoon programmes.

Surely the Football Association, or whoever is responsible for their deletion, can have no idea of the gap these broadcasts filled in the lives of those temporarily or permanently prevented from being spectators of their favourite sport.

It is disquieting to think that those responsible for the business side of football should believe that anybody who could get to a football match would be kept at home by a loudspeaker.—*J. R., Yarmouth.*

No Grouse

I don't wish for any improvement. What could one wish for more than to switch on and listen to a highly entertaining vaudeville or play, or to hear sweet music nicely rendered, providing pleasant relaxation after a hard day's work?

If the programme is distasteful to me, I think that probably others may like it, and I can switch off or get some other station.—*Satisfied, Leeds.*

* * *

More thoughtfulness on the part of the B.B.C. for us "low-brows," who pay as much licence money as "highbrows."—*C. Metcalfe, Darlington.*

A tuning-dial marked in metres, so that when we are listening to a station broadcasting on 360 metres the dial should also read 360 metres, and so on.—*V. Scott, Northumberland.*

Give me a good orchestral selection and a variety turn, instead of some far-fetched adventure in the Tropics or someone telling how to wash woollies or make a pie.—*H. Knight, Peterborough.*

I should think it a great improvement if wireless programmes were shortened considerably. A few hours daily quite free from them. Wireless "fiends" are a menace to the quiet and peace of the home.—*A. D., Carmarthen.*

If I Could Call Back One Fateful Day

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, September 22.

OUR EXPERT'S FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

Matches played on September 19

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Liverpool v. Everton.
(2) WEST HAM v. Blackburn.
*(3) BIRMINGHAM v. Sheffield United.
(4) BOLTON v. Middlesbrough.
(5) Chelsea v. ASTON VILLA.
(6) DERBY v. Portsmouth.
(7) GRIMSBY v. Leicester.
(8) Manchester City v. Arsenal.
(9) WEDNESDAY v. Huddersfield.
(10) SUNDERLAND v. Blackpool.
*(11) W.B. ALBION v. Newcastle.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) MILLWALL v. Oldham.
*(2) SOUTHAMPTON v. Stoke.
(3) Chesterfield v. Bradford.
*(4) BRADFORD CITY v. Bristol City.
(5) Burnley v. Wolverhampton.
(6) LEEDS v. Plymouth.
(7) NOTTS FOREST v. Manchester U.
(8) PORT VALE v. Bury.
(9) PRESTON v. Charlton.
(10) Swansea v. Notts.
(11) HOTSPUR v. Barnsley.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

(1) Q.P. RANGERS v. Watford.
(2) NORTHAMPTON v. Southend.
(3) Boscombe v. Crystal Palace.
**(4) BRISTOL ROVERS v. Mansfield.
(5) CARDIFF v. Fulham.
(6) ORIENT v. Norwich.
(7) COVENTRY v. Exeter.
(8) GILLINGHAM v. Brentford.
**(9) LUTON v. Thames.
(10) SWINDON v. Reading.
(11) Torquay v. BRIGHTON.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

(1) STOCKPORT v. Tranmere.
(2) ROTHERHAM v. Barrow.
(3) ACCRINGTON v. York.
(4) Carlisle v. Doncaster.
(5) Crewe v. Rochdale.
(6) Darlington v. Wigan.
(7) GATESHEAD v. Lincoln.
*(8) HALIFAX v. Hartlepools.
(9) New Brighton v. HULL.
(10) Walsall v. CHESTER.
(11) Wrexham v. SOUTHPORT.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) KILMARNOCK v. Cowdenbeath.
(2) Queen's Park v. HEARTS.
**(3) ABERDEEN v. Ayr.
(4) Clyde v. Motherwell.
(5) Dundee United v. St. Mirren.
(6) Falkirk v. THIRD LANARK.
(7) Hamilton v. PARTICK.
(8) LEITH v. Dundee.
(9) Morton v. CELTIC.
**(10) RANGERS v. Airdrie.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.: 11(*H*); Div. II.: 2(*H*); Southern Section: 9(*H*); Northern Section: 8(*H*); Scottish League: 10(*H*) would indicate W.B. Albion, Southampton, Luton, Halifax and Rangers.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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See John Bull's "Shop Window" & Small Ads on Pages 2, 3 & 12.

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Post the coupon to London or Manchester, whichever you prefer.

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The Most Marvellous Value ever offered to the Public.

Thousands of our Bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world, and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect.

Each Bale contains:
2 Heavy Yorkshire White Rained Blankets, full size, 80 inches x 58 inches.
1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, size 56 ins. x 78 ins.
2 Homespun Heather Coloured blankets, soft warm, and durable, 64 inches x 75 inches.
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1 Beautiful Coloured Bedspread, new designs, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspé grounds, size 80 inches x 80 inches. 2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, size 38 inches x 44 inches.
1 Pretty Irish Embroidered Tray Cloth, beautifully hemstitched border
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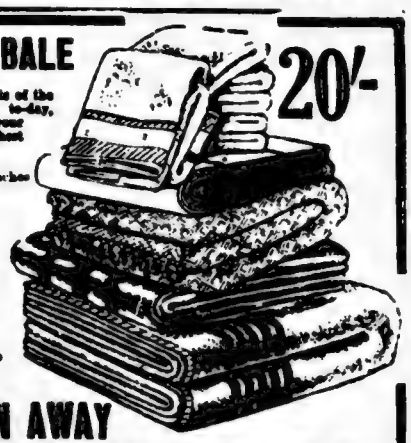
BALE complete 20/-
Carriage Paid
Money returned if not approved.



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This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the readers of "John Bull." On receipt of P.O. for 9s. 6d., Carriage 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL"

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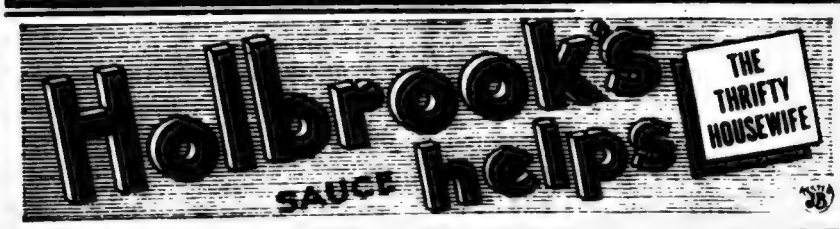

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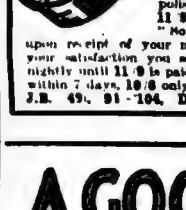

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INCREASED FIRST FOR 'JOHN BULL'S' X-WORD

£700

£100 BETWEEN THE RUNNERS-UP

"JOHN BULL" is offering an increased first prize of £700 this week, and there is £100 to be divided between the runners-up. Seize this opportunity of winning a bigger prize in this great Fair and Square Competition. Get busy solving the interesting clues and make up your mind to WIN. You cannot afford to miss this. ENTER NOW.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £700 for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter a square containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 1st, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 8th.

Winners in X-Word No. 130 appear on page 34.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 131

C	U	P	■	B	R	O	O	M	■	L	E	■	■	■
A	L	I	V	E	■	M	A	I	M	E	D	■	■	■
R	■	K	■	S	T	E	R	N	■	T	R	■	■	■
S	C	E	N	T	■	N	■	D	A	T	E	■	■	■
■	L	O	C	■	H	■	P	E	W	■	■	■	■	■
C	O	S	T	E	R	■	A	V	E	R	T	■	■	■
A	C	E	■	L	I	A	R	S	■	L	■	■	■	■
S	K	E	W	■	C	U	R	■	S	P	A	■	■	■
T	■	■	A	R	K	■	O	R	G	A	N	■	■	■
S	E	P	I	A	■	E	W	E	R	I	D	■	■	■
■	M	U	T	T	E	R	■	D	O	N	S	■	■	■
R	U	T	S	■	S	E	T	S	■	T	I	■	■	■

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 131 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-Word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-Word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order Payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and Cross it & Co.; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, September 24th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double entry Forms—(Four Squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, October 8th.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, **Tuesday, October 20th,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. } See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 133

JB·133 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*

JB·133

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....

P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, SEPT. 24

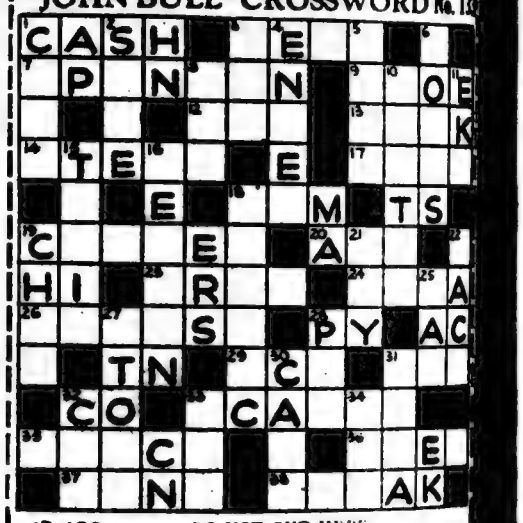
CLUES ACROSS.

1. Money.
3. Policeman has one.
7. One's belief.
9. Bitter medicinal plant.
12. "To be or — to be."
13. —— before you leap.
14. Rear part of a ship.
17. Similar to.
18. Equip with weapons.
19. Gets a horse along.
20. Number of years.
23. Shaped like part of a circle.
24. Enclosed space.
26. Persist in.
29. Frozen water.
31. Wrath.
33. Frightened.
35. Mine host serves it.
36. Rises from the water.
37. Declare untrue.
38. Often gets a beating.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Farmer's property generally includes.
2. Sometimes put on when you grow rich.
3. What disapproving spectators do.
4. Go in.
5. Skyscraper is this.
6. What seaside landlady often does.
8. Tavern.
10. Hang about.
11. Extend.
15. Glass sometimes gets broken in.
16. Keep.
18. North polar region.
19. This often describes flapper.
21. Merry.
22. It usually drops as one gets old.
25. You need this to hear with.
27. There's one in a cherry.
28. Five —— cent.
30. These sometimes go off with a bang.
31. A notion.
32. Cows chew this.
33. Timid.
34. Before.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 133



JB·133 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*

JB·133

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....

P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, SEPT. 24

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 133), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Write to "JOHN BULL" About It!

B. O. (Tonbridge).—"*How do they catch lunatics?*" *With face-powder, beautiful dresses and pretty smiles, of course.*

The EDITOR REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

E. G. K. (Totnes).—"The article I am enclosing is entirely my own." You will soon be getting your own back.

J. F. (Sheffield).—"My wife treats me like a dog." Lucky dog! Some husbands are treated like husbands.

PERCY (Bury).—"I gave my rich uncle a very significant look." A sort of stony stare?

H. D. (Watford).—"Give me a man who sings all day long." If we knew of one you could have him with pleasure.

J. M. (Glasgow).—"I know a baker who sells his bread in slices." At cut prices?

K. D. (Richmond).—"What do you say if I blow in and see you next week?" Blow!

E. M. (Walsall).—"I wear my glasses even when I am asleep." So as to recognise the people you dream about?

S. J. (Bolton).—"My girl wouldn't say straight out that she loved me." Did you have to squeeze it out of her?

I. M. (Glasgow).—"A man recently exploded a bomb on a park bench." Bang on form.

GEO. B. (South Shields).—"I have invented a new kind of unbreakable mirror." Good luck to you!

A. M. (Perth).—"What is the first thing you need to ride a horse?" A horse, we should say.

T. L. S. (Durham).—"I require a situation where I am paid what I am worth." But you must live.

DORIS (Hampstead).—"The enclosed photograph was taken immediately after I had been to a beauty specialist." Was she too busy to attend to you?

C. B. (Sydenham). — "The new Government will never reduce expenditure." But it is going to have a cut at it.

V. L. (Hollywood).—"Every other building here is connected with the film industry." What are the ones in between—register offices?

H. R. (Leeds).—"I started my present business only a month ago, but I have already made big strides." How do you like being a bookmaker?

N. K. (Grantham).—"In most talking pictures the love scenes are long and tedious." Slow-motion pictures, as it were.

L. V. (Hoylake).—"A woman charged the other day with dangerous driving said she was driving normally." That must be why she was charged.

P. N. (Norwich).—"Singing is mostly a matter of pitch." Unless, of course, the audience manages to restrain its feelings.

W. S. (Bournemouth).—"I nearly ruined a new cabinet gramophone by using an old needle." Well, well—better luck next time.

MISS T. (Bury).—"After a day in the sun I always feel annoyed when my scorched face confronts me in the mirror." You see red.

P. F. (Retford).—"Did you read about the man who hopped on alternate feet for two hours?" No, but we hope he got the right number in the end.

PHYSICAL CULTURIST (Edinburgh).—"To obtain full, rippling muscles you must pinch them." Yes, but from whom?

F. K. (Derby).—"When you come to think of it, tunnels are wonderful things." We don't see much in them ourselves.

J. McD. (Aberdeen).—"Before I can take my girl for a walk in the park I have to spend eightpence on trams." You have to fork out to spoon.

R. M. (Morpeth).—"I have got my own breakfast for over five years." And no doubt she told you she was a good riser before you married.

M. D. N. (Bath).—"A girl friend of mine boasts that she has never paid for a restaurant meal in her life." She evidently believes in making hosts of friends.

M. J. (Chester).—"A woman fainted when a flashlight photo was taken of a group at a private dance the other night." Perhaps she had forgotten to powder her nose.

E. D. (Cardiff).—"Did you know that one of the foremost of our literary critics started life as a navvy?" Yes, and we understand that he never reads a book without starting to pick holes in it.

F. M. (Hampstead).—"A pupil in a London school has obtained maximum marks for homework during the last five years." We understand that business necessitates his father residing in another part of the country.

C. A. C. (Coulsdon).—"I intend to put my son into a bank." There's certainly plenty of money in it.

P. M. (Victoria).—"We have the measure of crime in this country." Yes, by the Yard.

S. J. (Hoxton).—"The English girl's complexion has gone to pot." Where it comes from.

L. N. (Greenwich).—"The mornings are getting darker." Soon there'll be no more daylight shaving.

E. E. (Elstree).—"There are elocution classes all over America." Speak-easies?

MRS. K. (Eastbourne).—"Americans, I hear, are in favour of shorter honeymoons nowadays." And more of them.

POET (Bloomsbury).—"Do you realise that 'film' has no rhyme?" Yes—and no reason, either, very often.

R. P. (Staines).—"I would willingly sleep in a haunted house if it were not for one thing." That's the spirit.

B. K. (Grantham). — "Laughter creates appetite." That must be why boarding-house landladies never crack jokes.

G. J. (Jarrow).—"There are some things to which we are compelled to shut our eyes." Soap, for example.

O. Y. (Bristol).—"I have eight children under twelve." A whacking responsibility.

A. T. G. (Cardiff).—"What is to be gained by the present craze for speed?" Well, in *Bullets* a speedy entry may win you £1,000 or a Radio this week—turn quickly to page 35 and don't get left behind!

W. D. (South Shields).—"A man recently played a cornet for three hours without a stop." We can only suppose the other passengers in the charabanc liked it.

R. M. C. (Newcastle).—"There are still three million human beings held in slavery." This figure does not include, of course, the enormous number of husbands forced to clean windows on Saturday afternoons.

R. B. (St. Albans).—"A scientist states that nothing ever quite reaches perfection." He can never have heard a wife's description of the new autumn frock she wishes her husband to buy for her.

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST:—"Mr. MacDonald had a CONSOLATION with the junior Ministers."

EVENING CHRONICLE (Newcastle):—"They took REFUSE on the sandbank."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"Jardine, winning the toss, preferred that England should take first innings and had the heavy MOTOR LORRY put on."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Joiner wants another to JOINT him in business."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"Their rowing boat had capsized during a violent STORY."

LIVERPOOL ECHO (Advt.):—"Sale—household furniture—piano, six mirrors, 25 bentwood CARPETS."

RED STAR WEEKLY:—"Her eyes blue as a summer sky, so DARK as to be almost BLACK."

EVENING ARGUS:—"He was wounded five times in DESPATCHES."

DUBLIN EVENING MAIL:—"He married three times, his first wife being the 7th EARL OF GUILDFORD."

KENT AND SUSSEX COURIER:—"The presentation of two devotional books and a BANDSTAND was made to Mrs. ——."

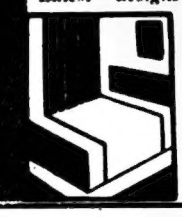
BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—"Smart young girl wanted. Experience ESSENTIAL, but not NECESSARY."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The youth was taken to Dover Hospital. At present his name and WHEREABOUTS are unknown."

Look for this label on
COUNTERPANES
BEDSPREADS
COTTON BLANKETS
AND TOWELS

VANONA PRODUCTIONS Guaranteed

and
be sure of obtaining the best value and perfect satisfaction
Latest designs. British throughout



FROM ALL GOOD DRAPERS, STORES AND FURNISHERS

Product of Quick Manufacturing Ltd., 107 Portland Street, Manchester, and 111 Wood Street, London, E.C.2

RHEUMATISM

Eade's Pills take U out of Rheumatism

Eighty-five years ago Mr. George Eade, chemist, discovered this famous remedy. From that day to this Eade's Pills have been the most successful remedy for rheumatism, rheumatic gout, gout, sciatica and lumbago in the world. There is no need to suffer these dreadful pains. Eade's Pills have relieved thousands of sufferers.

1/3 *and* 3/- *a bottle.*

FREE! Booklet on how to treat rheumatic and gouty complaints (including diet advice) and reproductions of testimonials from all parts of the world from people relieved by Eade's Pills. Also free sample of Eade's Anodyne. Write for it to-day! Free and post free on application to: Messrs. George Eade Ltd., Dept. K, 232, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1.

ALSO—EADE'S ANODYNE.
An ointment to apply to the skin (without rubbing) to relieve muscular pains and is a valuable aid to Eade's Pills in the relief of all gouty and rheumatic ailments. 1/3 a tube. Also in tins.

ALL CHEMISTS SELL THEM.

For your throat
Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES
Your Chemist sells them
8d & 1/3 Per Box

£950

awarded in

"JOHN BULL'S"

Cross-word Competition No. 130.

In the above contest, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £900 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £450 will be despatched.

R. HAYES,
26, King Street,
Bedworth, Nuneaton.

H. J. HILLIER,
Ibsley, Ringwood,
Hants.

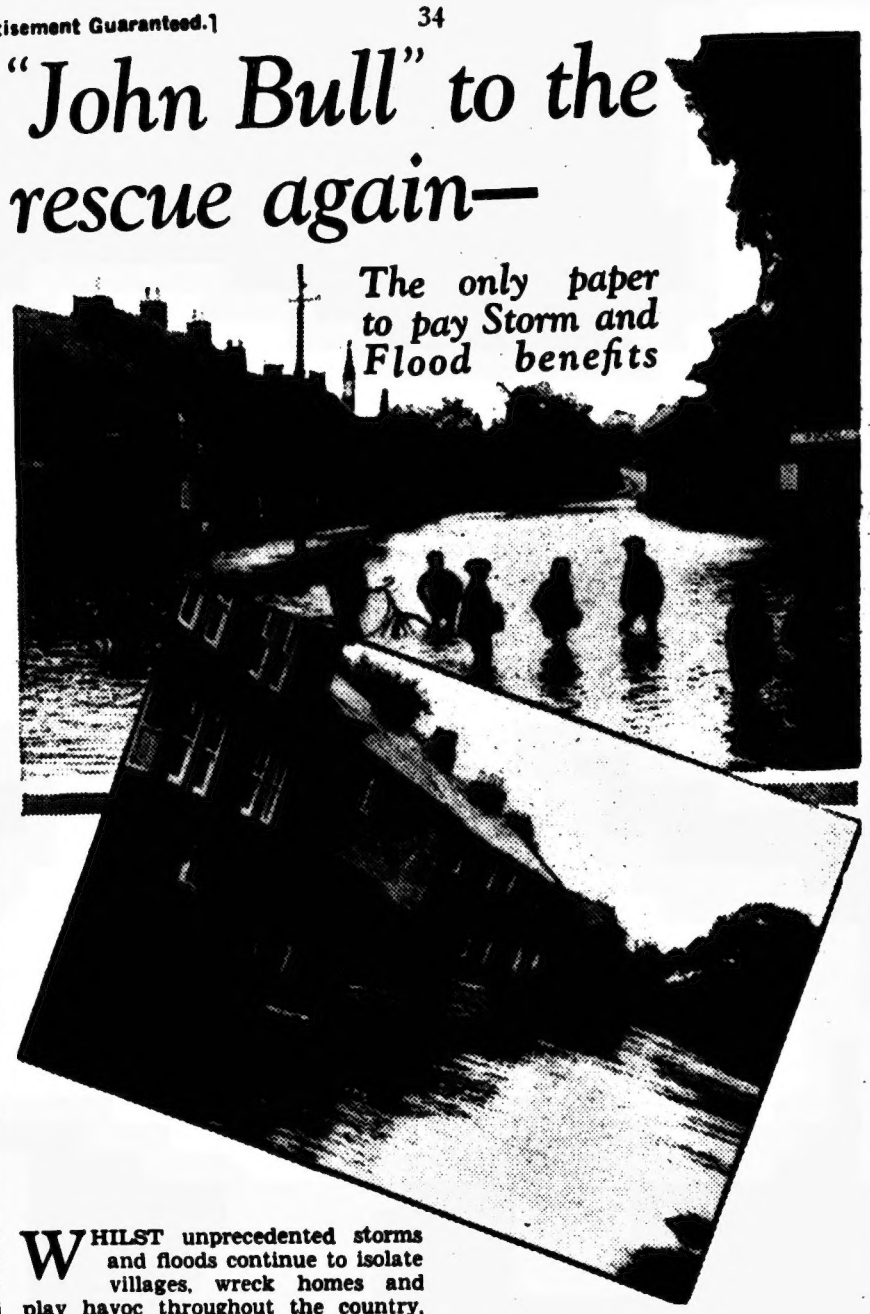
Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of the £900 must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 29th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 19 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 12s. 8d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Another Splendid Cross-word with a First Prize of £700 & £100 for runners-up appears on Page 32. Try your skill NOW!

"John Bull" to the rescue again—

The only paper to pay Storm and Flood benefits



WHILST unprecedented storms and floods continue to isolate villages, wreck homes and play havoc throughout the country, JOHN BULL remains the ONLY paper to lend a helping hand to sufferers—the ONLY paper to relieve want and misery—the ONLY paper to pay cheques to repair damage to precious belongings.

Was *your* home in the path of the storm? Were *you* able to call on JOHN BULL for a cheque through the medium of its Great Free Insurance? If not, sign the forms now.

Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident—"John Bull" covers you Free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 19/9/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent. .....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B., 19/9/31.

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

10/- NOW

TERMS: 10/- with Order and Monthly Payments of 10/ Full Approval in your home.

GRAVES 2-VALVE WIRELESS OUTFIT

The last word in excellence and efficiency. Made under Marconi Licence, it creates a standard of perfection never previously reached in a popular-priced Wireless Set. BRIEF SPECIFICATION: Oak Cabinet with lovely wax finish; oxy-copper finished metal panel with simple controls. New Type Detector and super-power Valves; Nickel-iron Transformer; Air-Spaced Condenser; 2 volt Accumulator; H.T. Battery. Loud Speaker of Oak to match, 4-pole differential type unit. Aerial Outfit. **Price £7**

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full particulars of this and other Wireless Installations, including **The Graves Battery-driven 3-Valve Screened-Grid Pedestal Model** in handsome Oak Cabinet with all accessories, including Valves and Aerial Outfit. **Price £12 10** Terms 15/- with order, **15/-** monthly; also **The Graves All Mains 3-Valve Screened-Grid Pedestal Model** in fine Oak Cabinet, complete in all details, ready for plugging in. **Price £18** Terms: **20/-** with order, **20/-** monthly.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15/- Free Gift Coupon

will be given to all who **Write for my FREE CATALOGUE.**

FROM £3 15s. CASH or TERMS

Chas. T. Robey

CYCLE WAREHOUSE, No. 24, COVENTRY

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS—

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed two years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

26 OUT OF LAST 31 "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZES

have been won by readers of

The Leader

THE COMPLETE COMPETITION JOURNAL

THIRTY-ONE splendid **Bullets** first-prizes have been awarded by JOHN BULL since the commencement of this year, and of these no less than 26 have been won by regular readers of **The Leader!** The amount of money which our readers have won in Literary Competitions alone during the past seven months exceeds £62,000—a figure which cannot be equalled by the followers of any other competition-solving journal.

If you are out to win one of the splendid prizes announced by "John Bull" in the Bullets offer facing this page, you should not miss the help and guidance given in The Leader.

All current winning lines are reviewed and examined by a well-known competition expert. In addition, the examples in **Bullets 822** are analysed and ideas are provided in order to help you write the winning line for yourself. In fact, if you want to win your share of the prizes, you just can't afford to be without **The Leader.**

It doesn't matter which competition you enter—Crossword, Literary, Picture Puzzle, Fashions, Football or Racing—you will find that **The Leader**

SOLVES EVERY CURRENT NEWSPAPER COMPETITION ACCURATELY

No other competition-solving paper sells anywhere near as many copies—no other paper has helped its readers to win such a colossal sum of money since the commencement of this year.

Your newsagent sells many copies of **The Leader** every week and will be pleased to deliver it to your home every Monday morning

£262,000

already won THIS year in competitions by readers of

The Leader

2D. SOLD EVERYWHERE **2D.**

Remember—it's ***THE LEADER*** *you want!*

166, *Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.*

MIGHTY one-week PRIZE

£1,000 and 10 WIRELESS SETS

-the latest model from the Olympia Radio Exhibition

£50 BONUS
ADDED TO FIRST PRIZE CHEQUE IF WINNER IS REGISTERED FOR "BULLETS" BULLETIN BY SEPT 26. REGISTER ON COUPON PROVIDED

OTHER "BULLETS" PRIZES
£100, £25
10 of £2·10, 25 of £1
500 OF 2/6
10,000 TARGET PRIZES

£21 is the price of this latest miracle in Radio—a 5 Valve Transportable Receiver just produced by Edison Bell Ltd., and now on view at the Wireless Exhibition. Half the world at your fireside at a turn of a dial. Reception strong and clear—completely self-contained—no electric mains required

THE WONDER SET WHICH YOU CAN WIN

FORTUNE OR RADIO—ENTER BY SEPTEMBER 26

YET again we sweep aside all records of the past with the sensational one-week prize-list which is now before you. A four-figure fortune of £1,000 awaits the best *Bullet* entered, and there is another big attraction as well.

Appropriately coinciding with the Wireless Exhibition at Olympia, this week's offer includes ten £21 5-valve Transportable Receivers, the latest radio miracle from Edison Bell, Ltd., which will turn your fireside to a theatre throughout the coming winter.

Notice also that if a registered reader of our free *Bullets Bulletin* secures the First Prize this week, a £50 Bonus will be added to the £1,000 cheque, so see that you are on our list by Saturday, September 26—a registration coupon is provided below.

To make a *Bullet* for this week's wonderful contest you have simply to add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* adjoining. For instance, suppose you choose the *Example* AIRMAN RAMSAY, the added words FACTORY CHIMNEYS SHOULD GUIDE would complete a *Bullet*.

Study the winners below and then get busy on your *Bullets*—you have only until Saturday, September 26, to enter!

83 BIG CHEQUES WON THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £400, COMPETITION No. 817

Mr. A. BROADBENT, 66, Main Street, Woodhouse Eaves, Loughborough.

Example:—SMACK!
Bullet:—UNLESS ALL PARTIES "BEND."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. N. GROSCH, 22, Albert Terrace, Wellington.
Example—Hopes And Fears
Bullet—Are "Keys"—And "Handcuffs."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. G. JACKSON, 6, Albert Mansions, Lansdowne Road, Croydon.
Example—Like A Magician
Bullet—Sonny "Appears At Meal-times."

20 PRIZES OF £6 EACH:

J. G. BEADLE, 16, Recreation Ground Road, Stamford, Lincs.
Twisting And Turning—Not Weaving "Reform's Fabric."

Mrs. F. A. BROWN, "Hill-crest," Whitcliffe, Cleckheaton, Yorks.
She Intended — Marriage, Until Rooms "Proposed."

G. DARCH, 38, Mawson Street, C.-on-M, Manchester.
Smack!—*Time* Gives Film Baby.

A. FIELD, 22, Sedlescombe Road North, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Means Nothing — "Gold," When You're "Dust."

E. FLINT, 17, Union Road, Tufnell Park.
Neglected Wife—Envies Neighbour's Black Eye.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

Mrs. J. FOLEY, 27, Newport Road, Cheriton, Manchester.
In Private — Mainly Sawdust, Sergeant Thinks!

G. GRISDALE, 15, Westward Rise, Barry.
Topsy-turvy World — "Looking Down" Upon Heaven.

Miss G. M. GULLIVER, c o 24, Cambridge Lane West, Plymouth.
Playmates — Mother-in-law, Mussolini And Mars.

A. HARTLEY, 25, Connaught Road, Chatham.
When Father Tried Golf — "Ever Tried *Golf*, Father?"

E. HIRD, 20, Palm Street, Waterhead.
Promptly — "Besieged" — She'd Inherited Castle.

G. JOHNSTON, 3, Ralston Drive, Ibrox.
Out For Peace—And Good *Swill*, Father.

Mrs. G. H. JONES, Twyncarn Cottage, Cwmcarn.
In Britannia's Office—Change—Get Yours Ready!

A. T. KNIGHTBRIDGE, 55, High Street, Maldon, Essex.
Shadow Of Unemployment—Sends Shivers—Brings "Sweating."

Mrs. P. LEIGH, 2, Bk. Ferry Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
Smack!—Went "Axe," *Preventing* "Crash."

V. L. MORGAN, 24, Ford Road, Port Talbot.
Recipe For Prosperity — One Sure — Shun War!

F. RAMSAY, 3, Arthur Street, Edinburgh.
When Father Tried Golf—Worms Sheltered—Under Ball!

Miss E. SCHOLES, 8, Sharpe Street, Heckmondwike, Yorks.
Topsy-turvy World — Poorer, Through Nature's Generosity.

J. STUART, Wendover Road, Stoke Mandeville, Bucks.
Recipe For Prosperity—So From "Soup"-Up!

D. WATSON, 72, Manica Crescent, Fazakerley, Liverpool.
Recipe For Prosperity — Proof Of The *Cabinet*.

J. WILSON, 102, Carr House Road, Doncaster.
Man Who's Waiting—For "Sitters," Won't "Rise."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

A list of 50 £5 and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 816, will be displayed in the window of Mr. F. V. Cross, 119, Egerton Road South, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 821 usually purchase "John Bull."

£50 BONUS COUPON

If you are not already a regular reader of "Bullets" Bulletin, our free weekly help for competitors, register by Sept. 26 with this coupon and become eligible for £50 Bonus offered above.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 13 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Lheet's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

Examples for Competition No. 821

AIRMAN RAMSAY	WHEN LAST WE MET	CHANCES
WORK OF THE WORLD	IN THE EXCITEMENT	HER CANARY
EVERYBODY'S DUTY	BEFORE HE ARRIVED	HE'S OUT OF WORK, SO
SITTING ON ECONOMY	NOT SO HUGH	TAKES HE BACK
TO BALANCE THE BUDGET	STEALTHILY	HELPS A LITTLE
HE HAD A BRAINWAVE AND	TIME WILL TELL	SONNY'S MASTER
PREPARED FOR THE WORST	MAN WHO LAUGHS LAST	MISSED
OUT TO WIN	FOR MONEY	DESPITE THE DANGER
BETTER GOVERNMENT	GOMBOLING	A RIOT
A HARD CASE	NOW TO SELL	WHEN DAD WAS REFEREE
TRICKERY	MELTED HIS HEART	

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 26
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(821) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 26
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(821) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 26
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(821) P.O No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 26
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(821) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you Wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 821, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

TIME & MONEY COMBINED IN NEXT WEEK'S NOVEL PRIZES Big First Also!

PAIN AND NERVINESS

BANISHED BY 'ASPRO'

BE FREE FROM
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NERVINESS
IRRITABILITY
COLDS
INFLUENZA
RHEUMATISM
TOOTHACHE
NEURITIS
NEURALGIA
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN

Pain, nerviness and lack of money are the main causes of human trouble. 'ASPRO' cannot supply you with money. It can, however, save you considerable sums of money by keeping you free from pain and illness—by saving you from having to lie up—by enabling you to give of your best. It banishes your pain—it soothes away nerviness and irritability and has other uses too numerous to particularise—uses that render service to all members of the family from child to parent. Furthermore its action is quick—definite—safe and effective. It is an established fact proved by thousands of sufferers that 'ASPRO' DOES banish the most severe headaches in a few minutes—it will banish a cold or influenza attack at its inception—it will bring sweet sleep to the sleepless—it will give immediate relief to the most acute rheumatic, sciatic, neuralgic or neuretic attack. Why not be free from these painful afflictions? 'ASPRO' can free you. Your part is simple—just take 'ASPRO' and be benefited.

READ THIS TESTIMONY

SLEEPLESSNESS AND VIOLENT HEADACHES GO

39, Westminster Road,
Ellesmere Port, Wirral.

Dear Sirs,

I feel it my duty to write to you about the benefit I have derived from your wonderful tablets. They have been a godsend to me, as I have been a sufferer from sleeplessness and violent headaches for years. I was also unable to walk any great distance, but after one month's course of 'ASPRO' I feel a new woman. I began to find relief from the first. I have recommended them to a great many people here and other places, confident that they will find the relief from pain marvellous.

Yours faithfully,
JULIA SMITH.

WONDERFUL FOR TOOTHACHE

"Cross Inn," Broadmoor, Kilgetty,
Pembrokeshire.

Dear Sir,

I feel I must write and congratulate you on your wonderful 'ASPRO.' When suffering with Toothache a few days ago a friend told me to try one. I took it and gradually felt the pain leaving me, soon it was completely gone. I shall never forget how wonderful it was and shall never go out from now on without one or two in my handbag. Nevertheless I shall recommend them to all my friends.

I am, yours truly, GWLADYS HART.

Feverish Colds Stopped

Mrs. A. Taylor writes from Leicester to say that two 'ASPRO' tablets banished her husband's feverish cold. He now says what a wonderful remedy 'ASPRO' is.

TWICE THE MAN SINCE USING 'ASPRO'

33, Chantry Road,
Southampton.

Dear Sirs,

I cannot express in writing my gratitude for the benefit I have received from your wonderful 'ASPRO' Tablets. As a sufferer from nerve trouble for some years I tried dozens of so-called remedies without satisfactory result until I tried your tablets. Now after 6 weeks taking 'ASPRO' I feel twice the man. Yours faithfully,
R. G. CURRIE.

3d. 6d. 1/3 & 2/6
PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

ASPRO

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD.
('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, Bucks
Telephone: SLOUGH 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

All leading Chemists and Stores Stock and Display 'ASPRO.'

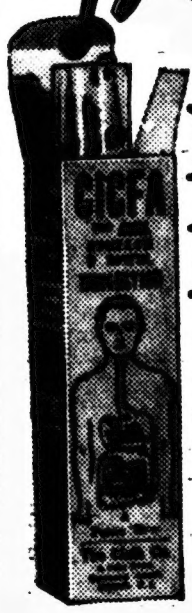
'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

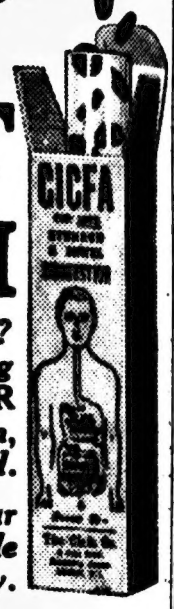
SOUND DIGESTION

FEELING OF FITNESS
ROSY CHEEKS
HEALTH
STRENGTH & VITALITY
RED LIPS
GOOD SPIRITS
MENTAL ALERTNESS
BRIGHT EYES
GOOD APPETITE
CLEAR COMPLEXION
FUNCTIONAL REGULARITY

CICFA

THE FOUNT OF HEALTH





Do you suffer from Indigestion? If so, it is probably spoiling your health, because* NEVER *as long as you have Indigestion, will your general health be good.

Take Cicfa,* CONQUER *your Indigestion, and your whole health will benefit wonderfully.

Most probably your chief trouble is Bowel Indigestion, that is **Constipation**—so often unsuspected. When chronic, this condition **pollutes the blood-stream.** *The impure blood is carried to every part of the system,* and finally sets up **self-poisoning,** which undermines the health, causing Neuritis, Rheumatism and allied complaints.

Persistent **Constipation** affects the Liver, causing Biliousness, dull heavy Headaches, and unpleasant breath; the skin becomes muddy and sometimes develops a sickly yellow tinge, and *the sufferer feels tired, listless and depressed.*

Indigestion also gives rise to a host of other unpleasant and even painful symptoms, such as Acidity, Heartburn, "feeling of fullness" after eating, Flatulence, etc.

Take Cicfa and secure perfect digestion, which means no Constipation; complete elimination of all waste products; *internal cleanliness,* and consequent purity of blood.

Cicfa restores digestion throughout the entire Alimentary Tract (i.e., the whole of the digestive system) **BECAUSE** it both adds to and stimulates the secretion of the Natural Digestive Ferments. Thus the nourishment is absorbed as the digesting food moves slowly downwards, *Constipation is prevented,* Flatulence decreases, and the **blood grows richer and purer,** nourishing all the tissues and producing a feeling of perfect fitness throughout the body.

With improved health your mental outlook will change and life itself, instead of being a burden, will become a pleasure.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE, 1/3 and 3/-

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a 10-meal test of this wonderful

CICFA

Only one sample given to each family.

THE CICFA CO., 8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1.

"John Bull" 19/9/31

"JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

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